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Children's Newspaper, July 27, 1929

Arthur Mee's Monthly
Ask for My Magazine

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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WE DARE NOT GO TO WAR

See Page Eight

THE HARP FROM THE HALLS OF UR

DAZZLING WONDER SEEN IN LONDON

The Chords That Come Silent Down the Corridors of Time

A KING'S MUSIC FIFTY CENTURIES SINCE

The harp that once in the Halls of Ur made music for Meskalamdug, the King of the Chaldees, stands now in a chamber of the British Museum.

Its strings are gone, but the chords vibrate through the corridors of Time. Fifty centuries ago the king and queen, the nobles, the lords and ladies-in-waiting, listened to it. The harp with the golden head of a bull on its sounding-box is not more silent than they, but nothing evokes for us the spirit of those far-off days so vividly as this instrument of music, so miraculously preserved for us to see, so wonderfully restored by Mr. Leonard Woolley and his excavators in the buried country of Mesopotamia.

Precious Knowledge

To those who dig in the walls of Ur there are even more precious things than this harp which once charmed the ears of forgotten kings, and things more precious than the wreath of gold ornaments and the jewels which have come from their graves. Knowledge is dug up with the treasures, so that princes and peoples the memory of whom had vanished like water spilled on the desert sands live again for us.

We can hold their harps in our hands, and in fancy pluck the strings and hear the music. We can picture the queen in the glory of her golden headdress, and the Court ladies clad in almost as great a magnificence, with necklaces of gems, with tiaras of gold and enamel.

Of some of the departed we may learn the names, the story of their lives and deaths; and in a thousand scattered articles—flint and obsidian, brick and pottery, alabaster lamp, bead of silver and lapis lazuli, dagger and bodkin, comb and fluted tumbler of gold—the manner of life these people lived.

The Wonderful Mosaic

But the harp is one of the most astonishing objects that the excavators have yet yielded. It might be called a lyre, though it is in shape not unlike the harps which are now employed in orchestras, and about half the size. It was so encrusted with mosaic, which kept it in its position while it lay crumbling in the earth that every measurement could be taken exactly.

The mosaic remained in place, though in fragments. It was removed in sections, and has been restored exactly, so that the ancient harp now blazes in gold and silver and enamel almost as when the Court musician played on it. There are other lyres. But the harp decorated with mosaic and bearing the golden bull's head is the most remarkable.

To many of us it will seem the finest relic shown at the British Museum; but there are others, triumphs of the artificers of Ur of the Chaldees, which are marvellous, both because of their workmanship and because it has survived the passage of 5000 years to show what these ancient workers in gold and silver and enamel mosaic could do.

There is the fine statue of the ram caught in a thicket, about twelve inches high. It is of a gold tree with curving boughs, leaves, and flowers on a stand of pink and white mosaic and silver. Behind it, the ram, with head of gold, stands upright peering through the branches, to which its forelegs are bound by silver fetters. Its fleece is carved so that each lock of hair is separate. Its horns are of lapis lazuli, its ears of copper—a ram more famous than any sung by ballad-monger since.

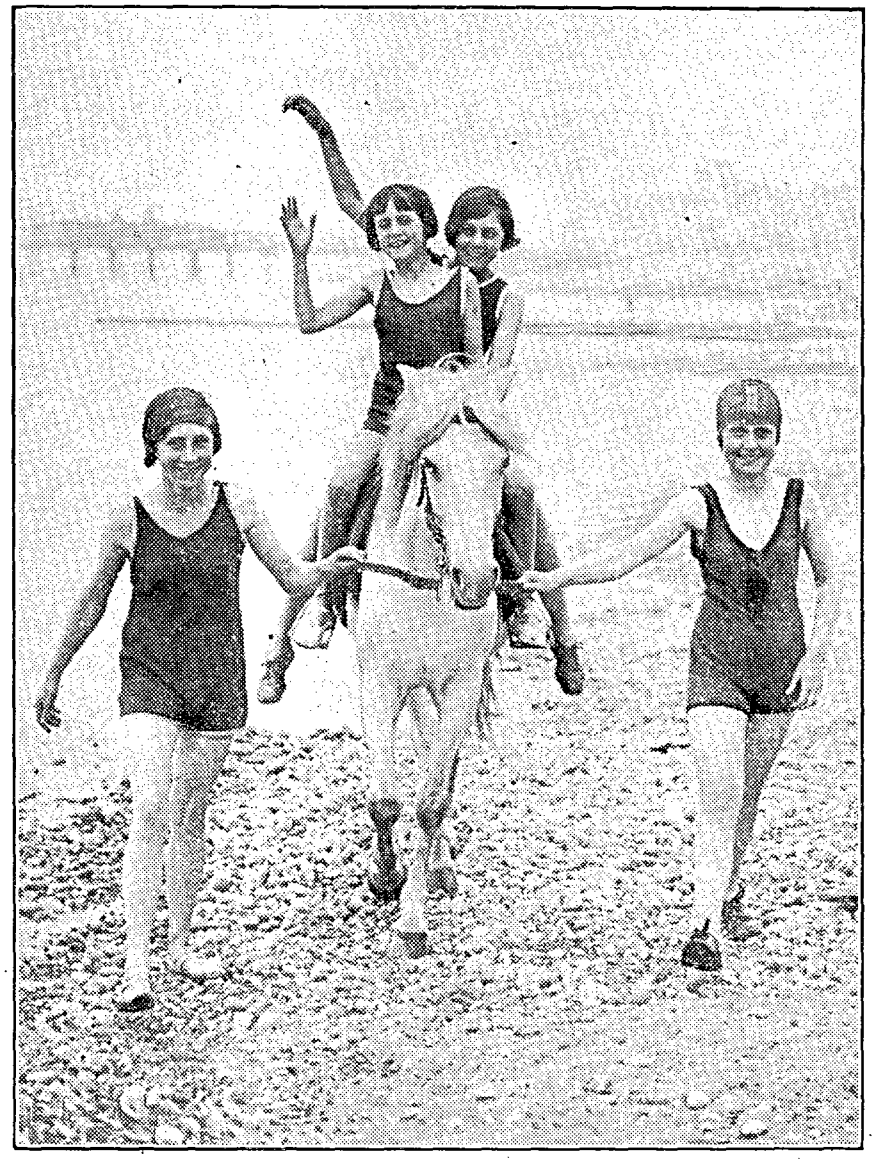
In other cases are objects which, even at the distance of fifty centuries, can move us to pity and dismay. The C.N. has already told the story of the tragic burial of a king in Ur, and of the horsemen, courtiers, and ladies who were led to death at the funeral—to perish at the tomb of the monarch or his queen.

Here are some who died, their headdresses of gold pitifully strewn beside them. In another case is a restored head of one of the ladies of the Court of King Meskalamdug or Queen Shubad, as she may have looked when she lived, and on some sunlit day stood in the Throne Room with all her jewelled finery piled about her dark head.

We cannot tell her fate, whether she died in peace and was buried in honour, or whether she was one of that tragic assembly of those who, in accord with the savage ritual of that day, were sent to accompany the monarch on his journey to the shades.

But before we reflect too sadly on her fate let us remember that, whether her life was one of joy or ended in sorrow, the grave must have closed on either five thousand years ago.

The Holiday Spirit



The midsummer term is nearly ended, and the thoughts of many children are turned to the sea. These happy little people on the beach at Hastings have found a good friend with whom to share their holiday joys.

HOT WATERS OF THE EARTH

BOILING UP FROM VOLCANOES

Tragic Fate of a Visitor to a Famous Park

THE NATURAL GEYSER

America's Yellowstone Park is so famous a pleasure resort that the news that death may be encountered there at any hour comes as a tragic surprise. A Dutch editor has been scalded to death there by hot water from the Earth.

M. Georges Landroy was one of a party of European editors now touring America, and with them was examining the geysers for which Yellowstone Park is famous, when one of the geysers unexpectedly gushed and scalded him so severely that he died.

We get the word geyser (meaning gusher) from a cold land. It was in Iceland that these spurting fountains of water, boiling up from volcanic regions below, were first discovered.

Molten Rocks

Deep within the Earth rage fires hotter than any fire that we can make, fires so hot that the underlying rocks are molten, as we too often have reason to know when lava bursts from a volcano to destroy life and bury a countryside.

Water penetrating the surface of the Earth wears away regular channels which, in the case of geysers, take the form of deep funnels. In these funnels the temperature of water is gradually raised. Steam escapes; the hot water is forced to the top of the channel; more steam rushes in and fills the base, and then comes an eruption.

The column of steam at the bottom of the funnel acts upon the column of water above it as steam on a piston in the cylinder of an engine. Compressed by the weight upon it, the steam, constantly gathering volume, at last expands in a great rush to force the water in a boiling spray into the air.

Old Faithful

With some geysers action is irregular and spasmodic. Others are as constant as the tides. Perhaps the best known in the world, one in Iceland, gets its name of Old Faithful from the regularity of its spouting. Day in and day out, age after age, it spouts about every hour. The energy which must be expended over the emissions of the world's geysers defies calculation. At every upthrust of steam, cascades of hissing water are flung from a hundred to two hundred feet in the air.

The temperature of the water exceeds that in any hot-water kettle devised by man. Boiling-point at sea-level, as we know it, is 212 degrees Fahrenheit, but the hottest part of the column of water issuing from a geyser has been found to be about 50 degrees higher than that.

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THE IRON HORSE AND THE FLYING HORSE

OLD-TIMERS MEET

Old Friends of the Railway and New Friends of the Clouds

JOLLY GATHERING AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

A remarkable gathering of old-timers is creating great interest at South Kensington, where there are now on view, for a short time, the veterans of the Railway Age and the veterans of the Flying Age.

The gathering began with the idea of celebrating the birth of the Rocket, for which purpose the most interesting old locomotives were brought together.

There are three of these old cronies, Geordie Stephenson's Rocket, Timothy Hackworth's Sans Pareil, and Braithwaite and Ericcson's Novelty—not to mention the replica of the Rocket made for and lent by Mr. Ford.

A Memorable Struggle

They will perhaps fight their old battle over again, when they met in that memorable October of 1829 and Rocket won the race, careering along at the rate of over 13 miles an hour, dragging behind it a weight of nearly 13 tons.

Sans Pareil may perhaps urge that it dragged more; Novelty went faster than either. But the steady old Rocket will remind them that the first of these two rivals failed to stay the course, and the other one was pulled up after a flying start by something that went wrong with the works.

In a century these rivalries have been all but forgotten. Each in its way contributed to the magnificent display that other engines, other devices, other locomotives make in Gallery IV. These monsters, which in size are like the Giant when compared with the Jacks that first began to climb the Beanstalk, can go a mile a minute or drag a thousand tons.

The Fire of Genius

But the little old engines will feel no jealousy, and their great-great-grandsons of the rail will not look down on them. The fire of genius that stirred the boilers of the veterans has not yet died out of the tubes of the youngsters.

Those who go to see these old engines will, we hope, not miss the other interesting gathering at the Science Museum. Three veterans of the air have come together for the first time. They are the Wright aeroplane in which the first heavier-than-air flight was made in 1903; the Blériot monoplane in which the first aeroplane flight across the Channel was made in 1909; and the Vickers-Vimy in which Alcock and Brown made the first aeroplane flight across the Atlantic in 1919.

THOMAS BELLCHAMBERS

Tribute from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

We very gladly acknowledge a sympathetic contribution from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in response to our appeal for Thomas Bellchambers, who lies in pain in his Wild Life Sanctuary at Humbug Scrub, near Adelaide, in South Australia.

"With pleasure," writes Dr. Doyle; "he is a fine fellow, very near to Nature; a Sussex man too."

Having read an article in My Magazine on the work of Thomas Bellchambers, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle visited the sanctuary when he was in Australia a few years ago, and the Editor of the C.N. knows the delight of Mr. Bellchambers on receiving a visit from so eminent a citizen of the Empire.

Any contribution sent to the Editor will be cabled out to Mr. Bellchambers to cheer him in his closing days.

HOW THEY DO THINGS IN CHINA

"MUSICAL CHAIRS" WITH THE GENERALS

Comedy of a Foreign Tour of Feng and His Little Brother Yen

HOW LONG IS IT PEACE?

The new politics in China are almost as complicated as the old civil wars used to be, and everyone is afraid lest they should turn into civil wars once more.

The great General Chiang Kai-shek, who is President of the Nationalist Government at Nanking, has been trying to persuade the various generals to disband their armies as they promised to do when peace was made. His greatest difficulty has been with our old friend in the North-West, the so-called Christian General, Feng Yu-hsiang. There has been a sort of "musical chairs" among them.

Promising, Talking, and Fighting

Feng went on promising so long without performing that Chiang grew angry and proclaimed him a rebel. He told Feng's neighbour Yen Hsi-shan to join the army which was to bring him to reason.

But Yen preferred talking to Feng to fighting him, for he was afraid Feng might win before the President should come to his aid. So he advised Feng in a friendly way to go on a foreign tour till the trouble was over; to which Feng politely replied that he would gladly do so if little brother Yen would go with him.

That did not suit the President, who had work for Yen, and he offered Yen the command of the whole of Feng's army if only he would fight him for it. But though Chiang travelled to Peking to discuss the matter he could not persuade him.

What No One Can Tell

Meanwhile Chang Hsueh-liang, Governor of Manchuria, the great province away to the north-east of Peking, paid a visit to the city, which made Chiang fear that these three northern generals might make a combination against him to renew the civil war. So he gave up the idea of punishing Feng, dropped his charges against him, and obtained from Yen a promise that the two brothers, instead of touring together, would set to work to disband their armies.

So for the moment it is peace instead of war; but how long it will continue, and whether Feng and Yen have any real intention of disbanding their armies, no one can tell.

FINDINGS NOT KEEPINGS

The Islet Off Jersey

Islanders like ourselves can sympathise with the desire of M. Leroux, a French banker, to live on an island by himself.

Some of us might go so far as to select with him the Maître Ile of the Minquiers, a chain of rocks off the coast of Jersey.

Where he has gone wrong is in selecting an islet which cannot belong to him. No one wants it very much. It provides only a few huts for fishermen who do not actually live there but use the island in summer.

M. Leroux thought it would be an ideal place for a busy man of affairs who did not want to be reached by the telephone, but who could set up a pleasant villa, come and go in a motor-boat, or listen in solitude to the wireless.

A pleasant dream! But the island is not a No Man's Land. It belongs to Jersey, as was proved 72 years ago when a similar effort was made to claim a reef on the other side of Jersey.

So, though we may sympathise with M. Leroux, we fear he will have to go, or pay rent and taxes.

GATHERING OF THE SNAKES

A Little Heap on a Lawn

SECRET BEHIND AN OVEN

A very reasonable plea has been raised by a Nature-lover who arrived at a house the other day to find his friends slaying snakes by the dozen. They were grass snakes, which are said to be harmless to human beings. Therefore the friend of guileless reptiles was pained on seeing them slashed to pieces, and he writes to the papers to point out how needless is this destruction.

Gathered From Afar

In this case a heap of vegetation on a lawn fifty yards from a house was found to contain dozens of snakes and hundreds of snake eggs, and there was great interest in the fact that all these grass snakes, which were laying eggs or about to lay, had gathered from afar in order to winter together. The heap in which they were found had lain there from the previous autumn, and the reptiles, apparently all females, had by some mysterious instinct all come together to camp, hibernate, and, before parting, to lay eggs from which a new generation should arise.

Such a gathering recalls those terrifying assemblies of rattlesnakes which are known to have travelled as much as forty miles to pass the winter with others of their species. Quite recently parties of men have been out in the United States gassing these deadly reptiles at their gathering-grounds.

A Startling Discovery

We have no ill to fear from our grass snakes, but for those who dread the company of snakes of any kind whatever there is much to be said. They increase enormously in numbers, and they do not always keep to the wilds. Some years ago a house in South Wales was besieged and possessed by them. They were in the kitchen and scullery, in the cupboards, on the chairs and sofas; they slithered up the stairs and commandeered the bedrooms and the beds.

Day after day they appeared, and although as many as twenty or thirty at a time were killed their numbers showed no decrease. Eventually a portion of a wall backing on to an oven was pulled down, and there, hatched or in the egg, were over twelve hundred young snakes, all packed into a few square feet!

£10,000 A YEAR FOR CHATHAM HOUSE

Peace Insurance

Chatham House should become a name known to all who seek peace and ensue it.

At the Mansion House Banquet, which the Prince of Wales attended on its behalf, he told what Chatham House was intended to do. It was to be a place where men could study international affairs and so grow to an understanding of what other nations think.

There is such an institution in America. If they existed in every country they would be an aid to the efforts of the League of Nations.

One of the most interesting things about Chatham House and its purpose as the home of the Royal Institute of International Affairs is that the money for it has nearly all been found by private benefactors.

Sir Abe Bailey has endowed it with an income of £5000 a year, Colonel and Mrs. Leonard of Canada gave the house (which is in St. James's Square), Sir John Power added a conference hall, Sir Daniel Stevenson (once a Lord Provost of Glasgow) gave £1000 a year, and other private people in Africa and Canada made up the sum that was wanted.

The total wanted was £10,000 a year, which is not much to pay as an insurance for Peace. More than that is wanted to run a destroyer.

PEACE OR WAR IN LANCASHIRE

MORE TROUBLE IN THE COTTON WORLD

Will the Laggards or the Forwards Rule in the Mills?

A QUESTION AT ISSUE

Once again the Lancashire cotton trade is preparing for war.

The employers have given notice of a reduction of wages by an eighth, and unless a settlement has been reached since these words were written spinning mills and weaving sheds must be closed.

But war has been threatened so often without being actually declared that no one dare prophesy an actual break this time. Masters and men understand each other very well, and one could almost think sometimes that they take a delight in conspiring together to make our flesh creep unnecessarily.

Facts That Must Be Faced

Of course it is a serious thing, on the one hand, to have one's wages reduced by three-halfpence in every shilling; while on the other hand, everyone knows that the employers are having the greatest difficulty in making ends meet, and some are losing so heavily that it will be impossible for them to go on much longer without relief.

Most people are agreed that when a trade falls upon bad times every other kind of economy ought to be tried before wages are reduced. The trouble in the cotton trade is, as has been said in the C.N. more than once, that there are certain possible economies which the employers will not face. They will not face them because it means reorganisation from top to bottom and on a very big scale, as well as the "writing-off" of losses which they have been trying to think they can redeem, though knowing in their hearts that they cannot.

Reorganisation

A number of wise men among them have been drawing up schemes for doing this, but they have not been able so far to persuade the trade as a whole to adopt them.

The best men in the trade know what to do, but some of the backward ones are saying that they will think about reorganisation schemes when a reduction of wages has got them out of their immediate difficulties. They say reorganisation will take too long and that they will perish before it can be carried out—which only means that they ought to have tackled reorganisation so much the sooner. Now the question seems to be whether the laggards or the forwards shall rule in Lancashire.

THINGS SAID

Public dinners do not attract me very much. The Prince of Wales

Finger-prints are the only infallible things on this Earth.
A Scotland Yard expert

I have nothing but kindness and goodwill for everybody. Mr. Rockefeller

Patriotism has become the enemy of Civilisation. Mr. H. G. Wells

I often fight to get an hour at the piano during the week-end.
Duchess of Atholl

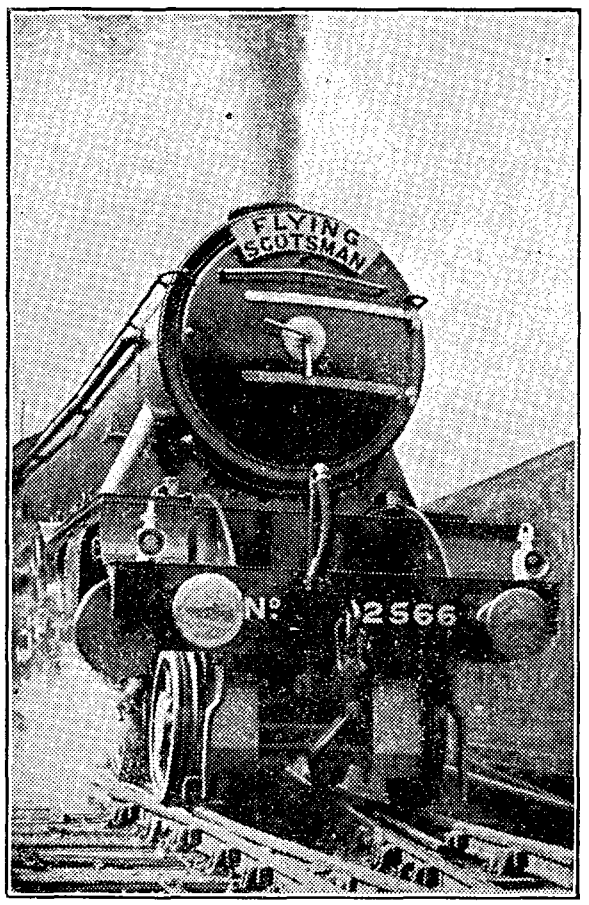
The real thing you learn at school is how you are going to get on with one another. Headmaster of Eton

Better one day as a lion than 100 years as a sheep. On a new Italian coin

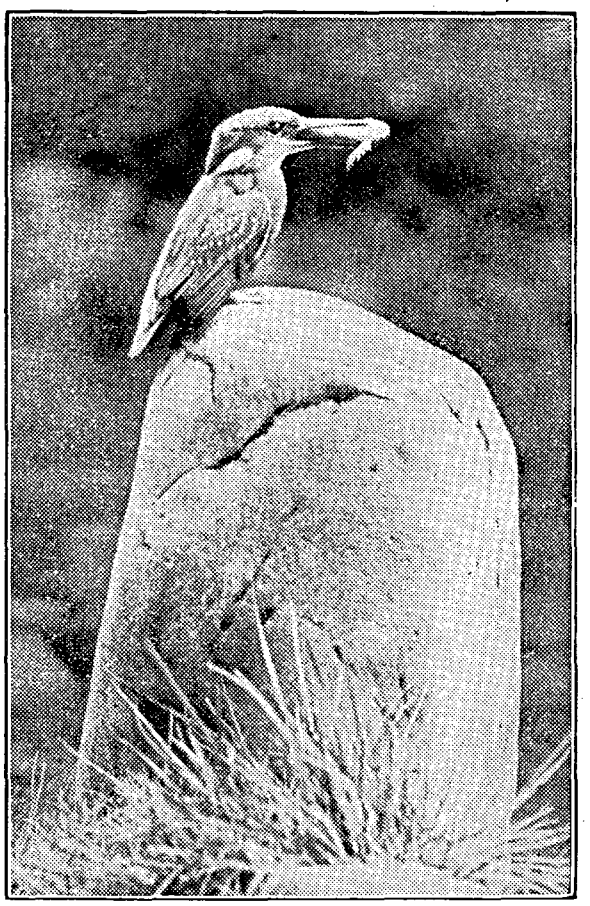
Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Jesus

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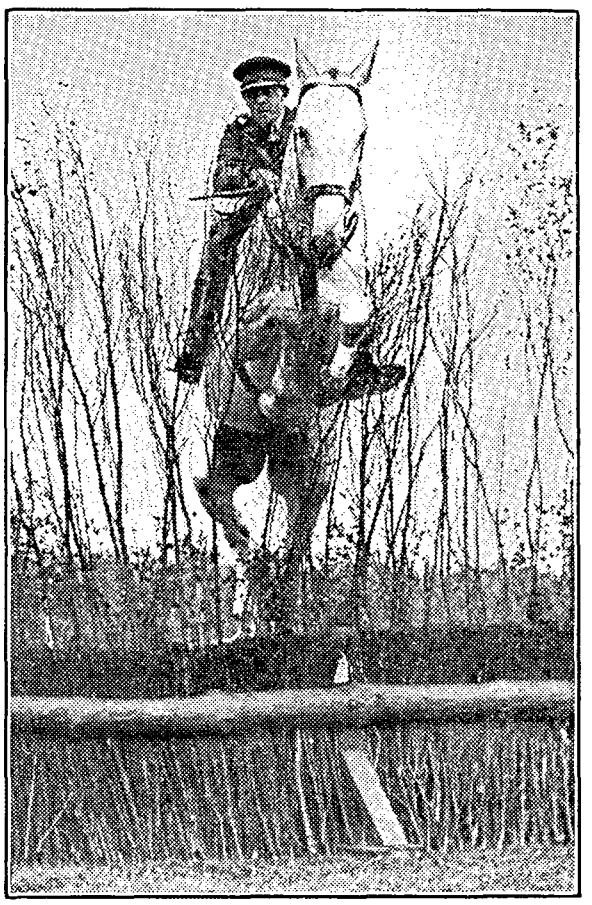
GIANT FLYING-BOAT · DOING AS FATHER DOES · A STRANGE HARVEST



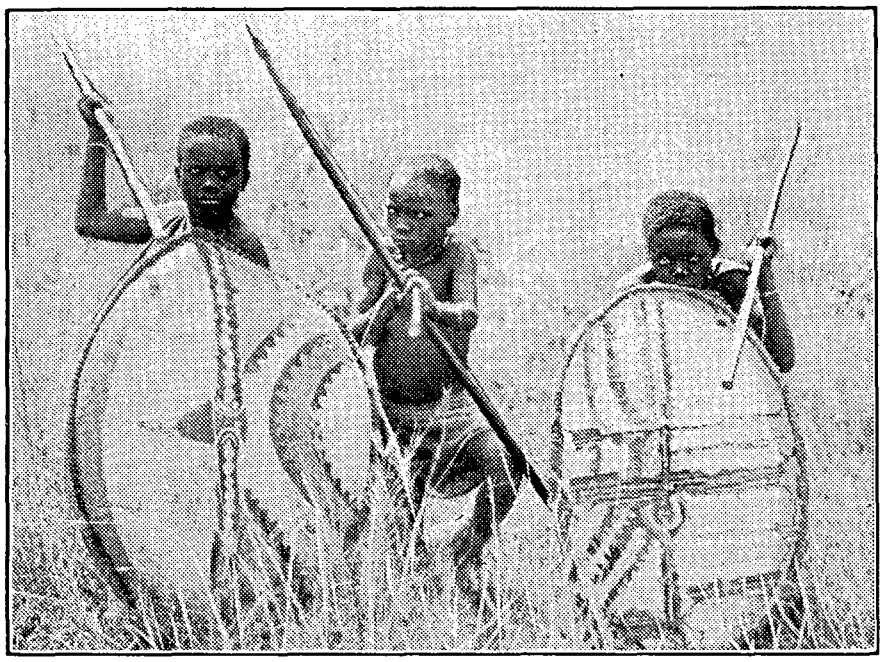
The Flying Scotsman—The longest non-stop run on any railway is now made by the Flying Scotsman, which is here seen leaving King's Cross for Edinburgh, over 390 miles away.



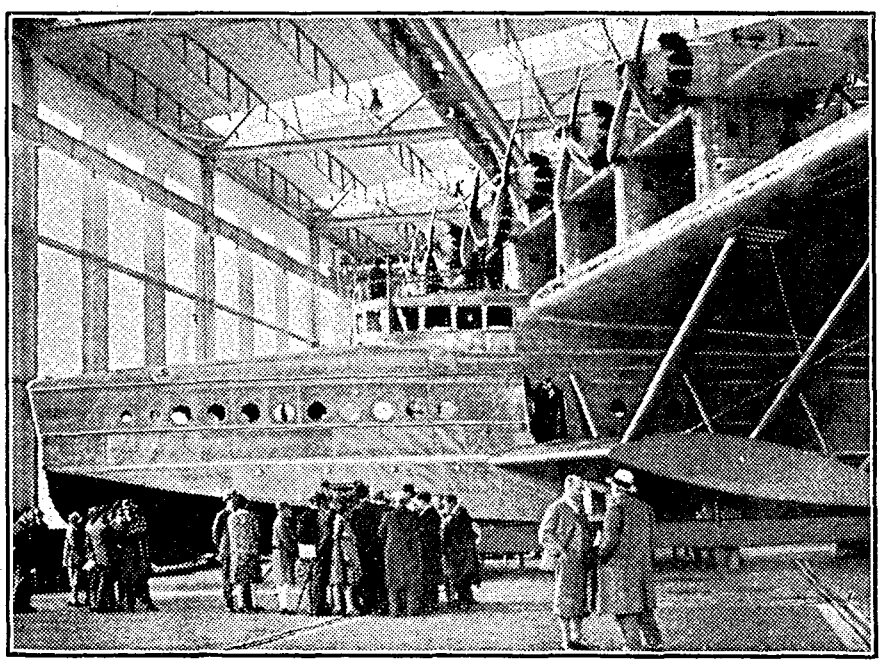
The Kingfisher and Its Prey—Although the kingfisher is fairly common in some parts of southern England it is rarely photographed. This one, however, was caught by the camera.



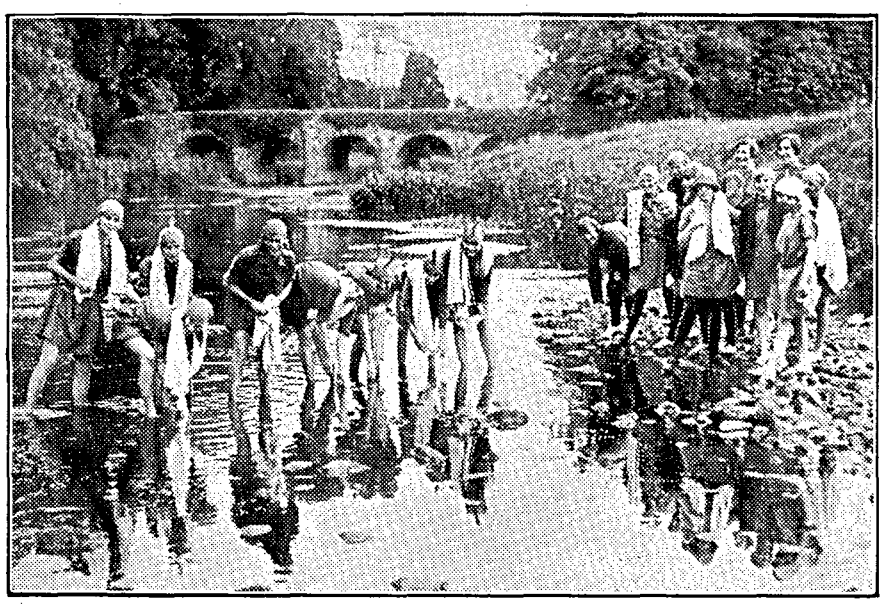
Over the Top—Most horses enjoy jumping over obstacles every bit as much as their riders do. This fine picture was taken at the Aldershot Command Horse Show.



Doing as Father Does—Children all over the world delight in the game of make-believe. These sturdy little African boys, who have borrowed their fathers' shields and a bow and arrow, are seen grimly awaiting the spring of an imaginary lion which they have stalked.



Giant Flying-Boat—The German flying-boat Do.X, seen here in its shed at Friedrichshafen before being launched, is the biggest flying-boat in the world. It measures more than 150 feet across the wings, has twelve engines and a saloon for over a hundred passengers.



In Nature's Bathtub—These Irish Girl Guides who have been camping in Masserene Park, Antrim, found an early morning wash in the stream very invigorating and far more enjoyable than the routine which usually attends the morning "tub" at home.



A Strange Harvest—The crop of water-lilies gathered on a farm near Lingfield must be one of the most unusual grown in England. These girls, seen at work in a charming setting, are gathering the flowers for dispatch to many parts of the country.

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PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

NOBODY KNOWS WHO

Surprise Picture on the Rocks of a Cave in Rhodesia

THE BUSHMEN ARTISTS

The scientists who are now in South Africa for the meetings of the British Association will be interested in a new mystery coming from an old mystery people there.

An Italian scientific expedition exploring remote ways in Southern Rhodesia has brought to light a baffling treasure, wrought in times long past by the skilled hands of a savage race.

The discovery is one of a series of Bushman paintings and represents not the figure of a Bushman or a Negro, but a distinguished-looking man in the elaborate costume appropriate to the East.

A Fascinating Problem

This figure represents the first invaders of bygone Africa. We have in civilised lands many paintings once valued because they stood as representing someone of consequence, but now remembered only for the sake of the artist, and called simply *Portrait of a Gentleman*.

The man the forgotten Bushman sketched in colours on the rock of his cave was doubtless of consequence in his day, but now he is a fascinating problem. Who was he, of what race, country, and epoch, and how came he to be in Africa?

The Bushmen are the most lowly of all the native races in Africa. They are dwarfs, with Negro characteristics, but they are not Negroes. It is believed that they are descended from a great people who inhabited Europe in the later Stone Age, and that they migrated to Africa before the land-bridge connecting Africa with Europe was broken down.

How the Bushmen Live

Their skin is not black like the Negro's, but yellowish, and they have arts which are not natural to the Negro. They reached Africa by the north, and they have been harried and hunted out of the best lands into forest and barren ways, where they maintain themselves with bows and poisoned arrows, eating ant-eggs and roots and grasses as well as the flesh of such animals as they kill, and using the shells of ostrich eggs for pottery.

For untold ages they had been preying on the okapi before civilised men knew that such an animal existed; indeed, it was from their persistent tales of this strange forest dweller, long regarded as a native myth, that search was made and the okapi found at last.

Linked With Prehistoric Culture

Chased and persecuted by stronger peoples, they fled on and on. Wherever they have wandered we find the little stone weights they used, the stone implements, the digging sticks with which they searched out eggs. Wherever they have set foot and sped away in fear they have left behind possessions which link them with the culture and customs prevailing in Europe before the use of bronze and iron.

If theories as to their art are true they took with them from their European home the genius for painting and carving which has made small parts of Africa a series of little galleries of pictures and carvings.

Some of their work is astonishingly fine. On hard rocks they have engraved pictures so life-like as to look like photographs, with animals fighting, running, and browsing. If all the wild life of Africa were extinguished we should know from Bushman art what the African animals were, and now they have added a mystery portrait of someone from the bygone Orient which leaves us wondering. *See World Map*

THE MAN FOR THE CRICKET PITCH

Should a Bowler Bat?

THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP OUR SUPREMACY

The elder statesmen of cricket who choose the teams which represent England in her Test Matches are scarcely to be envied.

If we win we praise the team; if we lose we blame the selectors. Their anxieties this season will be redoubled if they listen to the conflicting counsels of rival authorities. We have not only the South Africans to think of: the shadow of the Australians, due next season, seems already to be spreading across the land.

Opinion of the qualities of our national teams is sharply divided. P. G. H. Fender, captain of Surrey and of the Gentlemen's team, himself equally proficient with bat and ball, who saw all the Test Matches in Australia last season, declares that our cousins will overtake and pass us again unless we build a team comprising more all-rounders. He dislikes a team with a tail.

Two Schools of Thought

On the other hand, another voice of authority proclaims that it is a policy of error to ask men eminently skilled in bowling to be batsmen too. Examples of great bowlers who were bowlers only are Morley, Shaw, Spofforth, Richardson, and Brearley. These, it is said, bowled supremely well because they wasted none of their energy on batting. Between which two schools of thought shall we decide?

If Dr. Grace, the greatest cricketer of all time, could revisit the scene of his ancient triumphs he would without hesitation declare for Mr. Fender. Grace was not only the master batsman of the world for forty years; in that time he took over three thousand wickets, and to the end of his days he was a match winner whether with the bat or the ball.

Wilfred Rhodes's Fine Record

We still have in our midst in Wilfred Rhodes an ideal for young cricketers to follow. He has played cricket all over the world for England, and all being well will appear for his country in Test Matches in the West Indies this autumn at the age of 52. With Hobbs he has created batting records for England; with his own cunning left hand he has wrought havoc in the ranks of Australians, Africans, and every county that plays cricket.

When Lord Hawke captained Yorkshire he was anxious to keep Rhodes to bowling. "Get out when you have made about twenty, Wilfred," he would say as Rhodes went out to bat. Rhodes would obey his captain's orders, but would tell his friends, "I know I shall yet bat first for England." Since then he has on 17 separate occasions taken over a hundred wickets and scored over a thousand runs in a season.

Other Shining Names

George Hirst, his great team mate, several times scored 2000 runs and captured over 200 wickets in a summer. Albert Trott, Frank Tarrant, Frank Woolley, S. M. J. Woods, Barratt, and many others, shining names of today or the immediate past, have excelled with bat and ball. Double duty does not wear out such men, for cricket is play, not work; a game, not a toil.

Grace made himself perfect as a batsman, bowler, and fielder, and formulated a scheme of practice which, if followed, would enable every youth who loves the game to become, if not a master, a competent all-rounder. We shall maintain our cricket supremacy only if the rising generation develops every scrap of faculty it has for the great national game.

THE BRIGHT RED BUS

The Smoky Ones and the Slow Ones

TOBACCO AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH

Very many people, whether they are smokers or not, must regret the decision of the London General Omnibus Company to allow smoking by inside passengers in some of its buses.

To thousands of people it will mean that they will prefer to walk, for the discomfort of a crowded bus full of smoke will be insufferable. Already we are learning to save time by walking, for the waiting for buses steals far more time than most of us can spare. (We walked from Whitehall to Fleet Street the other day after seeing *27 buses pass, and not one for the City*.)

But, though walking is good for us all and the smoky bus may be a blessing in disguise, it seems to us a thousand pities that selfishness should have its way so far as to deprive a very large public of the comfortable use of our bright red buses.

The Fundamental Fact

Many letters have appeared on the subject in the newspapers, and the matter has been admirably put by Mr. Vernon Bartlet in The Times.

"Mutual consideration (says Mr. Bartlet) is the very basis of social ethics. Who, then, ought most to be considered, the smoker or the non-smoker, where both cannot be equally provided for? As regards the slighter matter of discomfort, the fundamental fact is that the smoker's discomfort in abstaining, even for a short time, from what has become to him or her a pleasure or a relief from craving is an artificial and voluntarily acquired one, not a thing of original nature. In the case of the non-smoker it is the reverse. But, if so, the smoker should be ready to pay the price for the habit he has acquired rather than put it off on to others, especially as the non-smoke-laden air is for all the healthier.

An Appeal to the L.G.O.C.

"But my main concern in claiming chief consideration for non-smokers is that the result of tobacco smoke upon a large section of the public is no mere matter of discomfort or distaste for smoke-charged clothes, but one of serious injury to health in the case of certain respiratory affections, particularly bronchial. These are exceedingly common, and the effect of tobacco on them is often very distressing.

"I would appeal to the L.G.O.C. to consult the medical profession as to the effect of tobacco smoke on their bronchial patients. I cannot believe that the wish of the majority of their passengers would be to ride rough-shod over the interests of their fellows, once they realised the full cost to others at which their own slight and brief relief from ennui was to be secured."

THE LAST OF SEVENTY

There has just died in America a man who had many interesting tales to tell. His name was Albert Rogers.

Long ago, about 1880, he went with his uncle, Major Rogers, to explore and survey the very difficult passes and canyons of the Rocky Mountains. It was a long, hard task, but he persevered; and his honest work made it possible for the Canadian Pacific Railway to cross that mighty barrier.

This interesting chapter of early pioneering days is almost closed; for of the seventy brave men who carried out the survey only one is now living. Soon the only remembrance will be in the names of the Rogers Pass and the Albert Canyon, through which the railway passes on its way to the Pacific coast.

THE IDOL IN THE TEMPLE

A WAISTBAND IN THE COURTS

A Judgment of Solomon Ends a Long, Long Story

JUDGES AND THE JAINS

An idol has had justice done to it by the exalted Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

This body of the most learned judges sits to consider the intricate cases which come up to it from all parts of the Empire after all lower courts have failed to give satisfaction to the disputants.

It has taken the idol of the Jain Temple of Antanksha Parasnath 23 years to climb the legal ladder which leads to their lordships, but now they have decided its case for all time.

The Jain idol will now remain for ever and a day a Swetambari deity, Shri Antariksha Parnasnathy Maharaj, with a waistband about its person and jewellery disposed on its sacred neck.

Mysteries of the Jains

Why not? the unlearned may ask. The answer lies deep in the mysteries of the Jain sects, which are two, Swetambaris and Digambaris. The Digambaris worship idols which have no clothing.

They declared that the idol in the temple was really a deity which belonged to them, and 23 years ago a band of Digambaris stole at night into the temple and chiselled away the idol's stone waistband. It is easy to imagine the indignation of the Swetambaris when they entered the temple the next morning.

They soon resolved to "have the law" on the impious Digambaris, and the more they thought about it the higher they put the figure for damages to their idol and to their feelings. It rose at last to over 15,000 rupees.

Their lordships of the Privy Council, after 23 years of litigation, have now delivered a judgment of Solomon. They gave the idol back to the Swetambaris, who may declare it to be an authentic Swetambari deity and may manage the temple accordingly; but they recommended the Swetambaris to keep a proper time-table for the temple so that the Digambaris might worship there.

An Idol as Plaintiff

If anyone should be curious to know how an idol can appear as a plaintiff in a case before a court the answer is that such cases are not uncommon. The idol sues through its priests. And if inquiry is pushed farther, and the reason is asked why money should be forthcoming for these long-drawn-out legal proceedings, the answer is again simple.

There is money in it. Temple and idol and priests are supported by the offerings of the pious worshippers. These amount to a large income in a year. If the idol goes or is desecrated the offerings cease, the income disappears. The moral and intellectual damage to the feelings of the pious may amount to much, but the loss of income probably amounts to more.

New Roads For Surrey

Plans for fifteen new roads have just been adopted by the Surrey County Council.

For Salvation Army Students

The William Booth Training College at Denmark Hill, which has just been opened, has room for 600 Salvation Army students.

Australia's New People

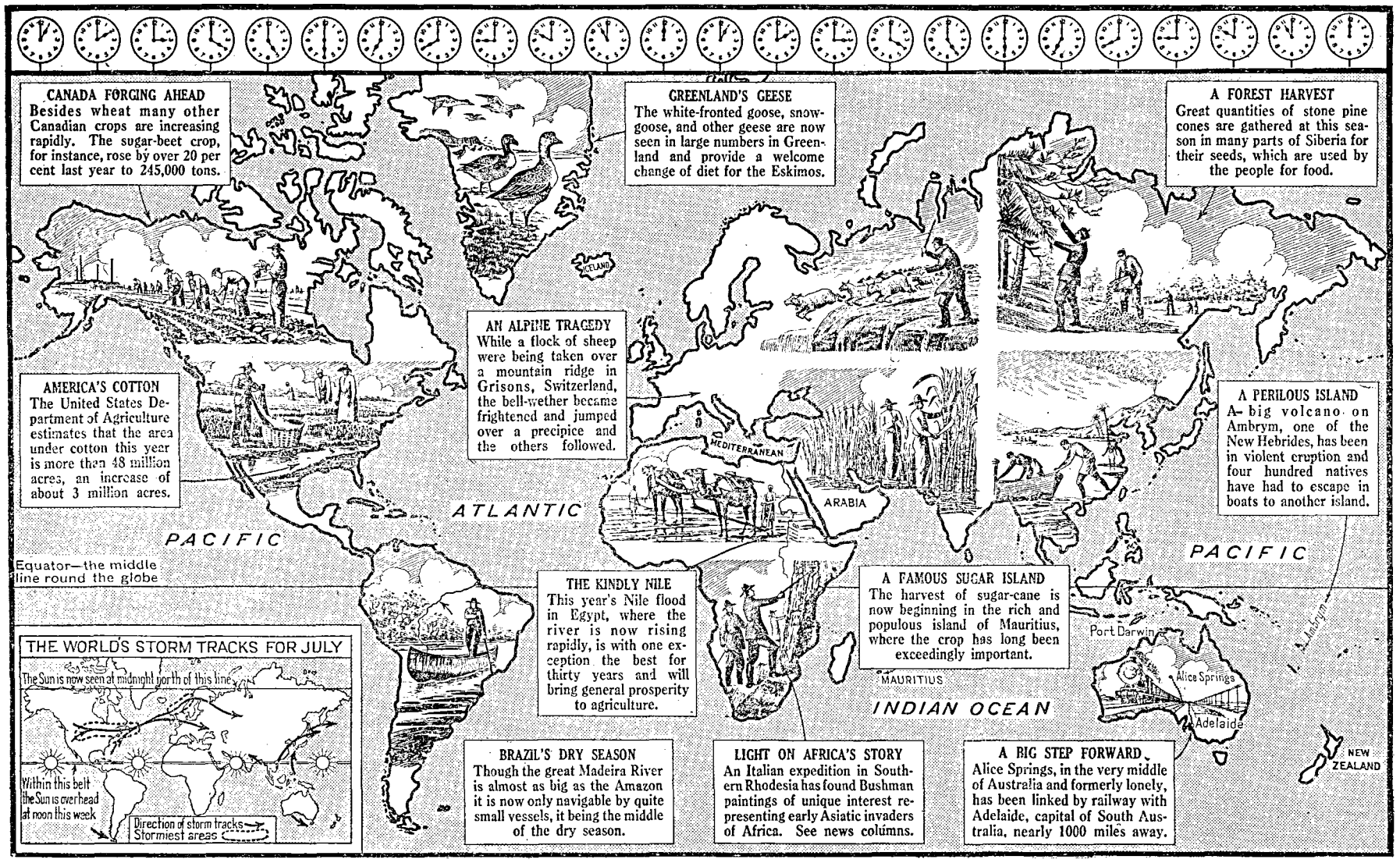
Since 1921 the population of Australia has increased by 921,000, not quite 300,000 being from immigration.

Scout Marr for the South Pole Again

Scout Marr, who went out with Shackleton on the Quest and has since been on an Arctic expedition, has joined Sir Douglas Mawson's new expedition for the Antarctic.

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PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



GOOD NEWS FROM SPAIN

Votes For Women

More good news follows from Spain, where, since the rescue of Spanish airmen by the Eagle, the customs and manners of Great Britain have been in high favour. There are to be Votes for Women.

This is one of the most daring steps taken in framing the new Constitution of Spain, the provisions of which were read to the National Assembly. Some of the ideas in it are not so startling. There is to be a Parliament, something like our House of Commons, which will have four sessions a year, and women members, if they are elected.

There is also to be a National Council to protect the Monarchy and advise the Prime Minister; and it will surprise no one if it advises the House of Parliament as well.

Better than this, or almost as good, is to be "liberty to express ideas and opinions in words or in print without a censorship."

Spain will hardly know itself without a censorship. If at the same time it is to give votes to women with liberty to express their ideas and opinions—then it seems more than likely that the hand that rocks the cradle will presently rule the Spanish world.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

16th-century French tapestry	£7350
Painting by Frans Hals	£5250
Italian walnut cassone	£4620
Copy of Kelmscott Press Chaucer	£3600
A Della Robbia relief	£1995
Painting by Lorenzetti	£1890
14th-century copper-gilt figure	£1838
Portrait by F. Cotes	£1155
James I shell spice-box	£805
Painting by Morland	£525
15th-century Italian wood-carving	£525

SPEEDING-UP FROM SWINDON

The Fastest Train

"You go quickest by rail"—so the railway posters declare, and the Great Western is on its way to prove it. From Swindon to Paddington took its fastest train 68 mins. 4 secs.

The distance is just over 77 miles, so the speed works out at a little over 68 miles an hour.

Trains can go faster than 68 miles an hour. On this run, which is marked on the time-table to take 70 minutes, the train was moving at 80 miles an hour over part of its journey.

But no other train in the world travels regularly over so long a distance at such a speed. It is the world's fastest scheduled train.

The Torquay Limited covers 200 miles in 3 hours 40 mins., and the Flying Scotsman does some wonderful journeys between London and Edinburgh, both these trains nearing an average of 60 miles an hour. But the record of the Swindon express stands on a pinnacle by itself.

A TALE OF A BOX

While many Londoners were enjoying a Saturday at Henley a girl student was collecting for King's College Hospital.

Begging is not a nice job, but this budding doctor was doing it so efficiently that the box was getting pleasantly heavy when—— Splash! overboard it went.

Then there was another splash, for the collector had dived after her box, fully dressed. Up she came without it, took a breath, and dived again. After several attempts she found the box and brought it back to safety.

THE SHIP AND THE CAT

A cat falling overboard, the 17,000-ton liner Sud Americano stopped in mid-ocean while the chief officer and six seamen rescued Pussy in a lifeboat.

THE TOTEM MAN

Concrete History at the Jamboree

The Jamboree Scouts are all mightily interested in the Totem Pole on which is to be carved the history of this memorable gathering.

There is a man in Canada who devotes a part of each year to the discovery, study, and restoration of totem poles. He is affectionately named Totem Pole Campbell, and is at present engaged in British Columbia.

He makes friends with the Indian tribes, and persuades them to let him see their totem poles. He strengthens them, oils them with linseed oil, and repaints them in the original colours.

Often he uses the ancient pigments, the secrets of which he has learned from the Indians; and, when the poles are thus restored, sets them up again firmly.

This is an important work: for a totem pole is more than the ensign of a tribe or the private mark of a chief—it is the carved and painted history of a great continent and of its ancient peoples.

Thanks to Totem Pole Campbell much Indian lore and many relics have been preserved for our learning.

DEER OF ROBIN HOOD'S FOREST

When some cottages, 300 years old, were recently pulled down in Westgate, near Mansfield, the brick tiles on the roofs were found to be secured by deer bones, used as nails. It is thought they were the bones of animals which centuries ago roamed Sherwood Forest, the historic haunt of Robin Hood and his Merrie Men.

O

We greatly regret that by an unpardonable piece of carelessness it was stated last week in a few copies of the C.N. that Cyril Fyers had taken 1020 wickets last season. It should have been, of course, 102.

ROBERT BURNS AND BONNIE LESLEY

A Link With Faraway Days

O saw ye Bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?

Stevenston, in Ayrshire, has been linking itself with Robert Burns in a graceful way.

In 1784 Robert Baillie, a man claiming ancient lineage, including ancestral connections with both Baliol and Wallace, erected there a stone column in memory of his wife and a child who had died. The monument stood in private grounds, and during the 145 years since its erection its top was broken off and it suffered from neglect.

This Robert Baillie, a retired commodore in the East India fleet, lived in Edinburgh at the time when Robert Burns went there and was lionised in the first flush of his success as a poet, and he had with him two lovely daughters, Lesley and Grace, for whom Burns felt unbounded admiration. Four years afterwards Mr. Baillie and his daughters passed through Dumfries and called on Burns, whereupon he mounted his horse and rode with them 15 miles on their way, dined with them, and while riding home wrote his song "Bonnie Lesley" in rapturous honour of the more beautiful of the sisters.

Well, Robert Baillie died about ten years after Burns, and he is commemorated on the monument he put up at Stevenston; and Lesley and Grace, his beautiful daughters, died in 1843 and 1841, and lie in Edinburgh. The family was divided and its monument was long a ruin.

But Stevenston would not have it so. The memorial has now been restored, removed from its out-of-the-way site, and placed on a by-pass road, where it will tell its story to strangers, and the names of Lesley Baillie and Grace Baillie have been added to its family record.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
JULY 27 ❁ ❁ 1929

Wanted, 1000 Men

THE Boy Scout has come of age. He is 21 years old.

The first Boy Scouts have now boy scouts of their own. The first Boy Scout troop has descendants in every country from England to Japan. It is the greatest single movement of our time.

All other international causes are but a feather in the scale when weighed against this bright fellowship of youth.

It is when youth meets youth, as at the Jamboree, that the seeds of peace for the nations are sown.

What shall be done for this great movement? A statue for its founder? We should like to see one, as the C.N. has suggested before, on that empty pedestal in Trafalgar Square, which will have to wait long before it finds any national hero to put there who has done more good than the Chief Scout to the rising generations of the Twentieth Century.

The only thing to be said against it is that no such memorial is needed. Just as St. Paul's is the greatest memorial to Sir Christopher Wren so the circle of Boy Scouts, widening so as to embrace the world, is the greatest monument to Sir Robert Baden-Powell. *Si monumentum requiris circumspice.* If you seek the monument to his fame look about you. It is everywhere.

Nevertheless there should be some coming-of-age birthday present—not to the man, who does not need it, but to the Scout movement in Great Britain. Money could be raised for it. A central hall might be raised by public subscription.

But it seems to us that this is just what the Boy Scout movement does *not* want. Its pride is in its independence, in being self-supporting, in making and paying its own way in the world. Let us give it, not money, but the help that is more useful than sympathy.

What the Scouts want are more Scoutmasters, men who, with a knowledge and understanding of boys and a capacity to influence them, will give part of their lives and leisure to training them in the commandments of the Scout's religion.

It is a thing much to be regretted and hardly to be believed that the Boy Scout movement is being stunted in Britain, the country of its birth, for want of Scoutmasters. For this reason its numbers are falling behind those of the Girl Guides, the only country in which this is so.

This cannot be allowed. The Boy Scout movement must be brought up to the level of its highest hopes. It has the boys; it wants the men. Where are the new Scoutmasters? Who will enrol himself among the First Thousand in honour of this Twenty-First Birthday?



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Bad Science of a Good Joke

A VERY bright humorist is our friend Punch; who would be without him? But we prefer our science from more serious quarters.

Informing us that "a sweet-pea grown from a seed found with an Egyptian mummy has been exhibited," Punch adds that "it is a moving thought that with better luck it might have been Pharaoh's buttonhole."

With better luck Punch's news might even have been true, but as it is, of course, it happens that no sweet-pea, nor any flower of any kind, has ever yet been grown from any mummy seed.

❁

The Water Sheep

By a Believer in Esperanto

A FIRM of Manchester engineers has received a letter in Greek, and had it translated by someone who said it asked the price of a water sheep.

The firm must have wondered if the Greek took them for a zoo or a circus, and if he, having heard of sea-cows and sea-horses, imagined that water sheep, too, could be had. What a stupid customer!

Suddenly the truth dawned upon them. The water sheep was a *hydraulic ram!*

No wonder they believe now in a universal language.

❁

The Dignity of the Nation

IT is a long time since the C.N. registered its protest against the appearance of drink advertisements in post offices and stamp books.

It seemed to us a profound humiliation that these advertisements should be accepted by the Post Office in the very year when Punch set a noble example to the newspapers of the kingdom by rejecting them, and we are glad to see that the policy of the Post Office has now been reversed. No more alcohol advertisements are to appear, and we are thus spared the curious spectacle of the Board of Education teaching in schools that alcohol is harmful while another Government Department, for the sake of a paltry £4000 a year, invites us to drink it.

To a vast multitude of people it would seem that the stopping of these advertisements, and the return to the sound policy of confining Government advertisements to articles free from objection, is in keeping with the dignity of the nation.

Punch, the Post Office, and the C.N. are all now on the list of the institutions which refuse to accept advertisements of Drink.

❁

The Shining Deed

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. Shakespeare

Everything in a Name

IT is wonderful to think that the world-wide Scout movement could not exist today if Sir Robert Baden-Powell had called the first troops by a certain name suggested for them.

That name was Imperial Scouts.

The Kaiser would have liked it, and sham patriots of his stamp in this and other lands would have liked it, but the great mass of people would have hated it. There would have been Imperial Scout troops here and there, but never would there have been Scouts all over the world, under all sorts of Governments, with all sorts of skins, worshipping in all sorts of ways.

What a great moment it was when B.-P. crossed out he word Imperial and wrote simply *Boy Scouts!*

❁

Tip-Cat

TO a correspondent: We do not know the first reference to the atom in literature. Probably *Up, Guards, and at 'em.*

⊡

WE like the new Regent Street. At one point is a shop with the great name of Hope; across the road is Hopeon. Keep on hoping.

⊡

IT is very good of the evening papers to remind us every night that the police are *rushed in fast cars.* We had always imagined they crawled in slow ones.

⊡

THE quail is said to be a tidy bird. Anything untidy makes it quail.

⊡

A PROFESSOR thinks it is difficult to make an impression on the world. He had probably been digging in a hard garden.

⊡

A LOT of tennis stars, according to a critic, are bare-faced professionals Does he expect them to grow whiskers?

⊡

SOME birds are responsible for keeping folk awake at night. They are so indigestible.

⊡

TIME works upon us all. And some of us work over-time.

⊡

Two hundred grown-ups at Rutland Gate have been pretending to be babies. Was the pretence necessary.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the man with a pull began with a push

❁

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

ONE thousand London children are the guests of the Fresh Air Fund in Epping Forest every day this summer.

THE Isle of Wight has given a new waterworks to the war-ruined village of Monchy-le-Preux.

£250,000 has been set aside for charity by Sir Albert Levy.

The Jamboree

THE knights of old
In cloth of gold
To joust and tourney came
From far and near
With shield and spear
And pennons bright as flame:
The knights of yore,
The knights of war,
Their reign has had its lease,
Their pomp is dead:
Behold instead
There come the Knights of Peace.

A MIGHTY throng
They sweep along
From every land on Earth:
No swords they bear,
No banners rare
To tell of knightly birth;
And some are tall
And some are small,
Some brown or black or white,
From castle, slum,
Or hut they come,
But every one a Knight.

NOT lands nor gold
He seeks to hold,
He does not strive for fame;
He rights a wrong,
He hastes along,
And will not tell his name.
At Table Round
Was never found
A knight of manlier creed:
He lives to serve,
He will not swerve,
The Knight of the Good Deed.

O SCOUTS beware!
Earth sees you there
As heralds of the morn;
The bloodstained past
Seems done at last,
A nobler age seems born
Ah, let it seem
No foolish dream,
But live to make it true;
Be staunch each one,
Each mother's son,
The Future lies with you.

Country Girl

❁

The Men Who Gave Their Right Arm

UNO, the one-armed man,
Was playing a merry air;
And the notes of his tune came into my house
And jiggetted everywhere.
"Just hear Uno play!
Can *you* play?" they said.
But I cannot play,
So I shook my head.

THE piano he played was old,
And sometimes the tune went wrong;
But his one hand strummed in a sprightly way
The air of a well-known song.
"Just hear Uno play!
Can *you* play?" it said.
But I cannot play,
So I sang instead.

I SANG of the great wide world, and then
I sang a wee song for one-armed men.
If songs could give back your arm, my friend,
I would sing and sing to the wide world's end.

Estelle Boughton

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AN ANXIOUS HOUR COMING

SHALL WE LOSE THIS PRECIOUS THING?

The Luttrell Book of Psalms to Come on the Market

A POSSESSION OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

First the Diptych in the market, and saved; and now, as we have begun to breathe again, the Luttrell Psalter and several other famous MSS. in the market. England is having a stormy time of it!

The Luttrell MS. has been for a long time on loan at the British Museum, for so many years that it was a familiar sight to students. Now its owners, the Weld family of Lulworth Castle, Dorset, have called it in, and (not without much grief, we are certain) are offering this princely book for sale.

A Family Picture Book

It was written and illustrated by the great illuminators of the East Anglian school about 1346, at the order of Sir Geoffrey Louterell, of Irnham, Lincolnshire. Sir Geoffrey was determined that it should be quite clear the book was for him and his house. It became what you might call a family and county picture book, where it was not a psalter.

It is a folio volume of 618 pages so freely and lavishly illustrated that it seems the text—in Latin, of course, and splendidly written in a fine upstanding hand—was the last thing that mattered.

One can imagine the man who did the writing being hectored about the spaces he had to leave for the drawings, and no doubt complaining that at this rate he would never get all the holy Psalms into the book. But he did.

Sir Geoffrey Taking Leave

The frontispiece shows Sir Geoffrey, very grand and proud, armed for battle, taking leave of his lady. In another picture some ladies are going visiting in a hooded cart with little windows. At each window, and at the front and rear, is a lady wearing a coronet. Various heads stick out anyhow, to show, we suppose, that the cart held a lot of people. They have dogs with them, and a tiny trunk tied underneath the cart. One dog, very miserable, is being left behind.

A set of little pictures shows the Louterell household preparing for a party, with John de Brigford, Sir Geoffrey's chief cook, watching over the turnspits and the boiling pots and carving the joints for the table. The "joints" are capons and sucking pigs, and Master John whacks them with a knife the size of his arm.

A Boy in a Cherry Tree

In others we see men in the fields reaping, watching their sheep, playing games. There is not a pastime of the century that does not find its way into the book. Women in various employments are shown. You can spy out a boy in a cherry tree and the man on the ground waiting for him to come down.

But there you are: the artists got all their pictures in and the scribes got all the Psalms in, and the exquisite thing was finished. Sir Geoffrey was very pleased, and his lady too. And they thought it would be very nice for their grandsons, and their grandsons, to see what the life was like at Irnham in this Sir Geoffrey's time. In the end the Book of Psalms passed on to another family, and then to the wife of the fourth Duke of Norfolk. Then it seems to have gone a-wandering. In 1703 it was in the hands of Sir Nicholas Shireburn, of Stonyhurst, in Lancashire. Thence it passed to the Weld family.

Few things more perfectly English, more precious, have ever been made. It will make many a heart ache if England loses the Luttrell Psalter.

FROM A TUCKSHOP TO THE JAMBOREE

The Boys League of Nations begins its great Jamboree at Birkenhead next week. They will be fifty thousand strong, from over forty countries, and this famous gathering will last a fortnight. It is a proud way of celebrating the twenty-first birthday of the Boy Scouts.

ONCE round a tuckshop window, hands in his pockets, he hung,
Or ran to a row round a corner, or ran from the bell he had rung,
Or gaped at a game of football, or chivvied a harmless cat,
This king in a shirt and knickers, with his pole and his cowboy hat!
But a trumpet sang from the meadows, and the city rang with a shout,
And the boy leaped into his boyhood with the magical name of Scout;
Suddenly braced his body, suddenly found his soul,
And vaulted to Eldorado at the end of a hefty pole.

THERE came to him men of glory who spoke of a goodly game,
Who told of a life in the open and the pride of a gallant fame;
And he gave them his soul and body to discipline, shape, and train,
And they taught him the works of God and the use of a cockney brain;
From end to end of the kingdom, from shore to shore of the coast,
Strong in their steadied thousands upsprings a noble host.
And the mighty hosts of evil shall be rattled and put to rout
By the flower of tomorrow's army—the lad who has learned to scout.

TAKING CARE OF GRANDMA



The Boy Scout is 21. He has grown up a fine fellow since, in the autumn of 1909, Punch showed him taking care of Mrs. Britannia and saying: Fear not, Grandma. No danger can befall you now. Remember I am with you!

THEY have taught him the march and the double that conquer stiffness and stitch,
To fend for himself in rations and cook a pot in a ditch,
To patch a hole in his knickers, to nurse his speed for a burst,
To like what is good and wholesome, and to love his country first.
Proud of his wind and muscle, proud of his corps and kit,
He goes in the pluck of a body that is perfectly strong and fit.
Quick in the uptake, nippy, and learned in the hunter's lore,
The Handy Man of the ocean has a brother at last ashore.

HERE'S to the youth of England, boys of the young brigade,
Who march in their shirts and knickers, gallant and unafraid.
Glory to these young lions, whelps of the ancient breed,
Mustering brisk and radiant in the shadow of England's need.
Many a mighty hero who made our England great
Smiles from the field of heaven, blessing this Fifth Estate.
Here is the great assurance, here is the certain sign:
The heirs have claimed from the future their place in the nation's line.

WONDERFUL REGION OF AFRICA

HALF A MILLION ACRES OF WILD LIFE

Carl Akeley's Dream of a Sanctuary Coming True

600 GORILLAS AT HOME

In the Belgian Congo, which was the gateway to Darkest Africa, remaining dark and fierce and dangerous for many years after the African explorers had blazed a way through it, a great Sanctuary is to be carved.

In this great National Park of the Congo the wild life of Africa will live undisturbed, a monument to future generations of the Africa which is passing away.

This great Sanctuary now stretches over half a million acres. In it are hilly bush country, plain and marshland, and the two great lakes of Kivu and Edward.

Volcanic Activity

There is a chain of volcanoes which are still active. Some fifteen years ago they burst into a furious activity which set part of one of the lakes boiling and the noise of the explosions was heard sixty miles away. It is a fierce, untrammelled country in which live gorillas, antelopes, elephants, buffaloes, hippopotamuses, and, strangest of all, a tribe of pygmies.

It was Carl Akeley, who died a year or two ago, who first saw the possibilities of this wonderful region. He had traversed it in 1921 and it was his great wish that it might be preserved inviolate for the dwindling population of African wild life.

What first moved Carl Akeley to this ideal was the earnest wish that the mountain gorilla should be given a chance to survive. There are some 600 of them left in the Kivu region of the Congo National Park, and his trip to the slopes of Mount Mikeno was so successful in locating them that he was able to take a moving picture of them in their wild state.

In Danger of Extinction

He knew well, however, that the gorilla was in danger of extinction, and he so pleaded their cause with the Belgian Ambassador that the idea of a Congo Sanctuary won the enthusiastic support of the King of the Belgians.

Five years later Carl Akeley returned to the Gorilla Mountain with his wife and a staff of assistants to explore the Reserve; but hardly had he reached his old camp than he was seized with fever and died in a few days. His devoted wife carried on the work and, with Dr. Derscheid, has completed it.

The Sanctuary will be a monument to this great natural historian, whose name is linked with the fame of the American Museum of Natural History. A Rest House is to be built in the Reserve, with library and laboratories where scientific men can study. No rifle will be heard in the Sanctuary, which will be shut off by encircling bush country in which all shooting will be prohibited.

A Great Opportunity

One corner of the gorilla country in the Bubumfiro district goes right into British Uganda. There is a great opportunity for the Uganda authorities to extend this preserve still farther.

The gorillas have to be protected from the natives because, in spite of all that has been done and said to preserve them, there are plenty of unscrupulous people who will still pay £200 to the native hunter for a specimen.

The forests are also vulnerable to the fires of the native charcoal burner. But the preservation of this great National Park is to the interest not merely of the generous Belgians who have set it aside but to British, American, and all European scientists.

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SUMMER IN THE BIRD SANCTUARIES

BUSY TIMES

The Noisy Bird With the Untidy Nest

LITTLE ONES ON THE WING

By a Visitor to Norfolk

Sunshine and shower are doing their work on the marshes and headlands of Norfolk. The marshlands are rosy with sea lavender and thrift, bright green with samphire, threatened with the yellow of ragwort, streaked with the shining lines of sea channels and creeks.

The shingle beaches of the bird sanctuaries are turned into enormous nurseries. Chicks of the ringed plover are getting big and daring. In another few days they will be beyond capture.

I picked up a little fluffy ball which had been standing motionless a few yards away, close to a wisp of grass the same colour as its speckled down, pretending hard not to be there. The baby bird let me stroke it and look at its marks, but its heart was going so madly that in pity I set it down. It crouched on the ground, still as stone.

Bustle in the Ternery

I gave it a gentle touch on its tail, and suddenly off it went as if it were on stilts at a terrific speed. It looked like a high-power mechanical toy let loose. Soon it will be learning to fly. At present its absurd legs are enough.

The chicks of the shelduck are very hard to find. They have got their first swimming days over and are going joyous adventures in the crannies and pools of the marshes. In the ternery there is a fearful bustle.

The mothers and fathers are at it morning, noon, and night, feeding their children. You can scarcely see the sky for their bright, flashing wings, and their voices are more forceful than pleasant.

The great Sandwich tern are the noisiest and have the most untidy nests. Hundreds of nests there are. But you have to be very careful where you walk, and you learn early always to stand still when you are watching flying birds. Every yard or two on the sand and shingle the baby tern are squatting, hiding under the grass from the sun. A score could be crushed in a minute by a careless walker.

An Awe-Inspiring Thought

A great many of the tern chicks die, pitiful little balls of fluff which the watcher buries in the sand. Nature, it seems, cannot afford to bring up all those babes every year, and only the strongest survive.

Soon the little ones will be on the wing, practising their flights, adding to the quivering light in the sky as deep summer broods on the dunes. Every week they will be strengthening their wings against the great flight in the autumn. These baby tern in another few months will be great travellers; they will have found their way to Egypt, Africa, or South America; perhaps China.

It is awe-inspiring to think of these mites of life governed by such a vast purpose, flying away into the gates of the sunset, into the unknown.

A CONTINENT THAT HAS NEVER SEEN A WOMAN

No woman of any race has ever trodden the Antarctic. It is the only part of the world that a woman has never seen.

There are at least 25 women who want to see the Antarctic, and they have applied to Sir Douglas Mawson to be allowed to accompany his expedition. But conditions are so rough in the Antarctic that the commander does not feel justified in admitting them, although he pays a tribute to their courage.

We Dare Not Go To War

WORLD'S NEED OF A FREE METAL MARKET

The British Parliament of Science Warns the Nations of the World

SIR THOMAS HOLLAND'S PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS IN SOUTH AFRICA

In the name of civilisation we dare not go to war.

That is the most striking phrase in Sir Thomas Holland's Presidential Address to the British Association at its meeting in South Africa.

We dare not go to war, says Sir Thomas, because the world cannot afford to let any nation squander the valuable metals on war which every nation wants for the works of peace.

No nation can go to war without metals. In the Great War we saw Germany melting down church bells for metals. But that is only half the story. The metallurgy of the twentieth century has made alloy after alloy of immense value to daily life and work. Consequently the control of the mineral and metal industries may be made an insurance for peace.

Where the Minerals Come From

Let us see (says Sir Thomas Holland) how this has come about. No nation can produce all the minerals it wants. Gradually the large-scale production which modern requirements have made necessary has concentrated the mineral and metal industries in certain favoured regions. They are likely to remain there for several generations, and all nations must draw on them.

Where are all the great resources of minerals, the copper, asbestos, tin, nickel, mica, antimony, bismuth, zinc, and all the other metals and minerals of so much more value to mankind than gold? They are distributed largely over the British Empire and the United States.

The only two nations that can fight for long on their own natural resources are these two. If they agree in refusing to export mineral products to those countries which infringe the Kellogg Peace Pact there can be no war. These two great Mineral Powers are those which alone have the avowed desire, *and the ability*, to ensure the peace of the world. It is within their power to come to a working agreement to do so.

Let us now work backward through Sir Thomas Holland's address and see how this state of things and this hopeful possibility have come about. It is mainly because nowadays the world almost *eats* metals.

Increase of Consumption

The increase of consumption began with the spread of the industrial revolution in Great Britain in the nineteenth century. Since then the increase of mechanisation and the consumption of metals has increased with every decade.

During the first quarter of the present century alone the world has exploited and consumed more of its mineral resources than in all its previous history back to the time when man first shaped a flint to increase his efficiency as a hunter.

Take steel alone as an example. In 1870 the United States produced 69,000 tons of steel; in 1880 about 1,250,000 tons; in 1890 about 4,250,000 tons; in 1900 about 10,000,000 tons, and in 1928 over 45,000,000 tons.

Owing to the fact that the individual miner works only rich deposits, and those easy to get at, he wastes more than he mines. Consequently large-scale operations have to be adopted to get the best out of the poorer deposits. Every advance in metallurgy makes these poorer deposits more valuable.

We must seek means to work them because when our supplies of metal-bearing ores approach exhaustion civilisation, such as we have developed during the last century, must come to an end. The large-scale scientific mining and metallurgy wastes less of these precious resources, and that is why the industries dependent on mining tend more and more to be restricted to a few special regions where work can be done on a big scale.

Sir Thomas Holland supplied a list of metals for which the world now depends on the British Empire. They are asbestos, china clay, chromite, mica, neonazite, nickel and strontium, as well as gold and diamonds. He also gave lists of those of which we have enough and to spare, those which we could just supply to ourselves if necessary, and those we must get from outside—like antimony, bismuth, copper, quicksilver, sulphur, and radium.

No Country Self-Contained

A similar list might be made out for the United States. But from a comparison of the two it becomes clear that no single country, not even the United States, is self-contained, whether for the requirements of peace or for the necessities of war. Between them the British Empire and the United States produce over two-thirds of the 2000 million tons of mineral that the World now consumes annually.

What is true of these two great Mineral Powers applies with greater force to other nations. There must be an international exchange of minerals, and the world cannot afford to waste them. So we come to Sir Thomas Holland's starting-point:

We cannot even live now without the free interchange of our minerals for those of other nations; in the name of civilisation we dare not go to war.

Importance of Agriculture

Many are the other interesting points arising out of this Presidential Address, which ought to have been delivered to the League of Nations. One is the value to the world of its agricultural products. It is probable, thinks Sir Thomas, that it was the home-keeping woman rather than the hunting fighting man who first discovered the possibility of raising grain crops by sowing seed. However that may be, agriculture and its products have always dominated the world, and continue to do so. Gold is most insignificant in comparison. The whole of the gold produced in Australia since its discovery in 1851 is less in value than that of three years' output of Australian agriculture. In South Africa, which produces half the gold of the world, its value is less than that of the pastoral and agricultural products.

Britain's Neglected Resources

Another most interesting point was the development of the iron and steel industries which gave Great Britain her tremendous start in the 19th century. Bessemer increased the lead. Then came Thomas and Gilchrist, the Englishmen who found a way to make pig-iron from the phosphoric iron ores which were held to be of no value in Great Britain. Germany seized on the Englishmen's invention, and it was through her development of it that Germany, with plenty of steel, was able to try the fortune of war in 1914.

There are other examples, in such metals as wolfram and tungsten, which reveal Britain's neglect of her own metallic resources; but they also point the moral that a pacific control of these resources would prevent war.

It is evident to every man who thinks at all that it is now within the power of the English-speaking world to stop war if their statesmen can join hands with their scientists and business men. It is the politician who must be converted to this view of the facts; the rest of the community *knows*.

SWAHILI SONGS

A Sultan and the Gramophone

RECORDS OF NATIVE MUSIC

The Sultan of Zanzibar is one of those wise people who can admire what is good in other lands without forgetting what is good in his own.

He admires the gramophone as a wonderful invention, but he does not admire the rubbish so often played by our gramophones. Jazz dance tunes sound to him very dull and ugly. He prefers the folk-music of his native land.

So one of the great gramophone companies is sending a party to East Africa to make records of Swahili folk-songs and dance music. From all over Tanganyika the finest musicians will flock to the Sultan's palace for this purpose. He intends to have about 300 records made.

Cheap gramophones are to be sold to the tribesmen in the kraals, so that they may hear the singers of the royal household and may not forget the traditional songs of their race.

When Cecil Sharp and his workers started to collect our English folk-songs, he found that the people were fast forgetting them, and singing instead the music-hall songs of the day. The Sultan does not want his people to forget their own music through listening to a White Man's gramophone grinding out such ditties as "All by Yourself in the Moonlight."

Cost of a Private Record

The native music of Java, Indo-China, Egypt, and Ceylon is being recorded in the same way. It is obvious that we shall soon be able to make wonderful journeys by gramophone.

It is rather strange that so few people have private records made. A C.N. reader knows a boy who has distinguished himself in school versions of Gilbert and Sullivan operas by his beautiful voice. Soon it will break, and his parents were lamenting that they would never hear it again, when the music-master bethought him of having a gramophone record made.

On inquiry he found that a single-sided record with four minutes' music costs about ten guineas. This fee includes 12 copies, and extra copies of the record afterwards cost about 5s.

What a pleasant gift for Father in Hong Kong and Grannie in Scotland would be such a record as this!

WHAT IS HAPPENING EVERYWHERE

A Bulletin to Know About

It occurs to us that some of our adult readers who are interested in foreign affairs may be glad to know that for an annual subscription of ten shillings the Information Service on International Affairs (10, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1) will send to any address fortnightly a Bulletin of International News, telling what has been recently done in each country and what is about to be discussed.

The Bulletin, which we believe owes its inspiration to the enthusiasm of Mr. J. W. Wheeler-Bennett, is thoroughly well done.

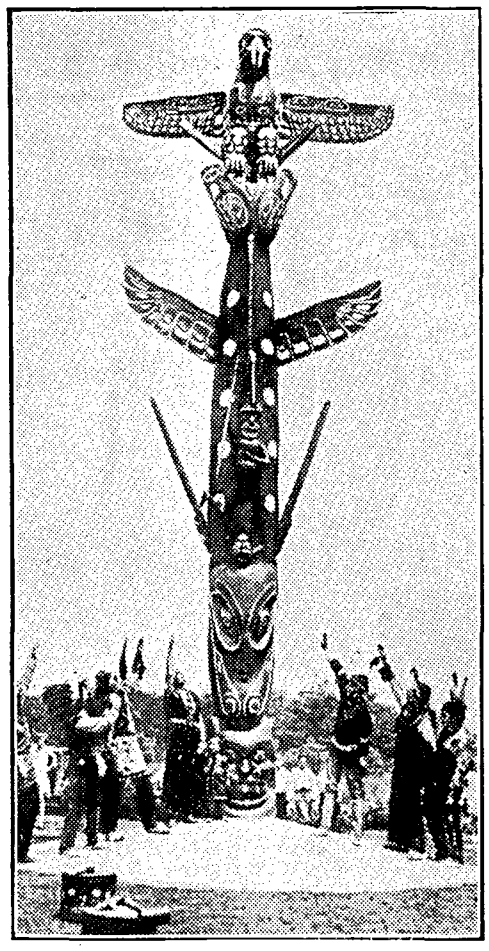
News of each country as it may affect other countries is summarised, and the work of the League of Nations is closely followed.

The list of forthcoming events includes international conferences on such subjects as Libraries, Malaria, Nursing, Boy Scouts, International Study, Peace, Education, Housing, Town Planning, and Commercial Education.

The Bulletin is a record and index for the world's public doings, and is well worthy of being filed for reference by all serious citizens.

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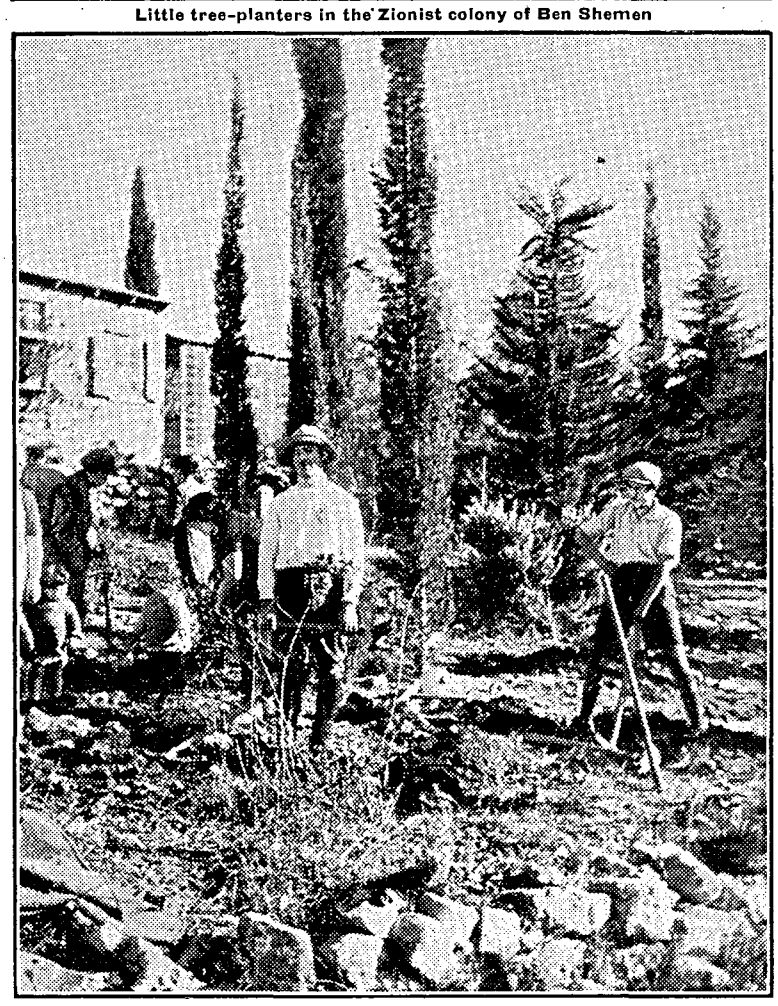
A HIGH JUMP · GREEN POLITICS IN JERUSALEM · WALKING ON THE THAMES



Giant Totem Pole—This totem pole, carved by Red Indians in Alaska more than a century ago, has been placed at the entrance to a Chicago park.



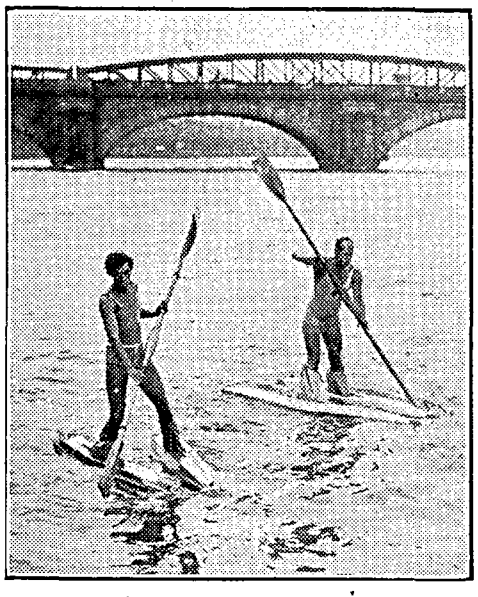
Little tree-planters in the Zionist colony of Ben Shemen



Planting trees in the hills of Judea



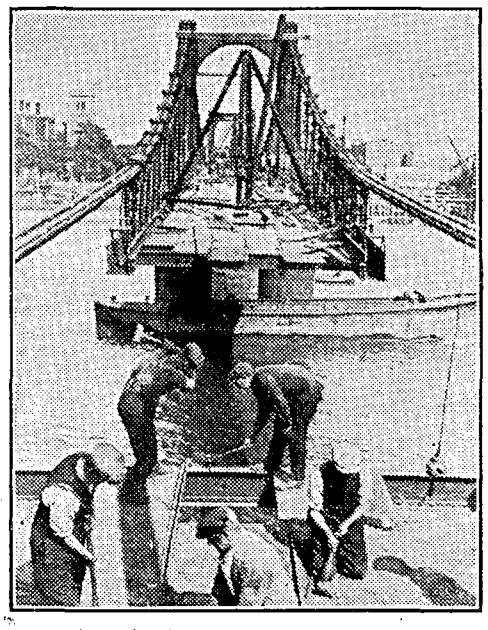
A High Jump—While waiting to enter the judging ring at a dog show in Surrey the other day this splendid Alsatian indulged in a little high jumping.



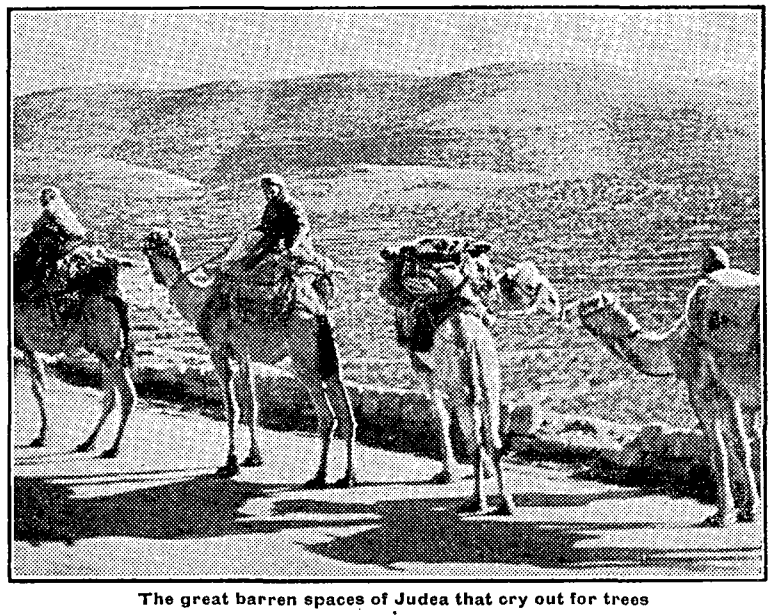
Walking Across the Thames—Londoners were surprised to see these two Austrian students on water skis walking across the river the other day.



Good Friends—This little Sunbury-on-Thames girl is deposited at her school each day by the conductor of the bus in which she travels.

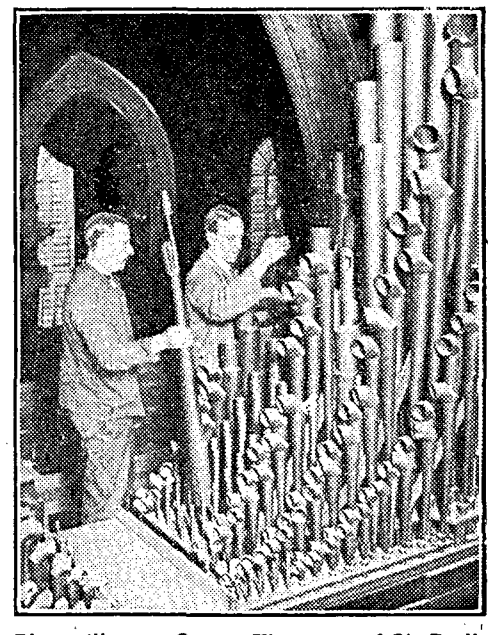


Disappearing Bridge—A London bridge is coming down. Here we see men at work dismantling old Lambeth Bridge, which spanned the Thames.



The great barren spaces of Judea that cry out for trees

The C.N. was describing, a few weeks ago, the good work now being done in Palestine in the spirit of the Men of the Trees movement. As one of the Ministers of the Government in Palestine said the other day, it is Green Politics that are wanted in Jerusalem. These photographs by Mr. St. Barbe Baker show the need of trees, and the ceremony of planting them in Judea.



Dismantling an Organ—The organ of St. Paul's Cathedral is to go to its old position beneath the dome. Some of the pipes are here being removed.

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THE DAVIS CUP

The Playing Field and a Friendly World

MAGIC PASSPORT TO ALL LANDS

The challenge round in the contest to decide the possession of the Davis Cup is being played in Paris this week-end.

It is nearly 30 years since an American lawn tennis player, Mr. Dwight Davis, formerly Secretary for War, and now Governor of the Philippines, offered a challenge cup for international competition.

His object was to promote universal friendship through the medium of a common pastime. How far the donor's ideal has been realised may be judged by the fact that 29 nations challenged France, the holders, for the famous lawn tennis trophy this year.

There are two reasons for the rapid growth of this international championship. It offers an outlet for competitive zeal—a peaceful battleground where the nations may test their national skill. Governments, realising the opportunity of furthering universal goodwill, encourage the sending abroad of national teams.

The impetus given to all outdoor activities after the war is also responsible for the popularity of this competition. Men and women all over the world began to realise the value of pastimes in the open air, and tennis appealed to all classes because it could be played by both sexes on almost any surface.

Today the racket has become a magic passport to every land. The language of the court has assumed something of the power of international speech. The game has overrun all national boundaries. Speaking at the International Lawn Tennis Club dinner a few years ago, when over 20 different nations were represented, Lord Balfour said that even the League of Nations could not do more to further international peace than lawn tennis.

SPORTING GOOD FELLOWS

Two fine sportsmen, Mr. A. E. R. Gilligan, the popular Sussex cricketer, and Mr. W. W. Wakefield, the brilliant Rugger player, are taking the lead (the first as President and the second as Chairman of the Council) of the Sports Fellowship, which has its headquarters at 201, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

The Fellowship is organised as a company, but not for profit. Its aims are Service and Good Fellowship. It works to extend recreative opportunities, to promote health and physical training, and to spread the true spirit of sport. With any profits it may gain it assists a selected list of good causes.

This is how Mr. Wakefield expresses its spirit. The good fellowship resulting from games is one of the saving graces of the world. Games build up character and create a spirit of mutual give-and-take. This sort of understanding fosters both national peace and international good-feeling.

The Sports Fellowship will serve as a rallying-ground for all who believe that sport carried on in the right spirit is one of the most powerful good influences acting on the character of the British race.

POOR LETTERS OF GOLD

There are good ways and bad ways of doing everything. Somebody has adopted one of the bad ways on behalf of the London Museum.

Facing the Mall is a museum notice board on which it has been necessary at some time to make a correction. Instead of painting out the old announcement and writing in the new, the new announcement has been written over the old so that neither can be read.

It seems a poor way of advertising, and in the Mall too, and in gold letters.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

British Museum's Amazing Record

What the public wants, many people seem to think, is vulgarity in every form of art.

But last year's amazing total of nearly two million visitors to the British Museum gives us the public's own view of the matter. It wants to improve, not to degrade, its mind.

The British Museum is one of the most popular places in London, or indeed in Britain. From the ends of our little island and from all over the world people come to London, and they would no more miss going to the British Museum than they would miss a visit to St. Paul's.

Last year even the record of the Wembley year was beaten in the number of attendances at the British Museum.

Generosity and unselfishness have done much to build up our national museum. Priceless treasures have been given or lent because their owners have wished to share them with other people. It is wonderful how many thousands of gifts are presented each year to our museums. Even if the acquisitions of the British Museum were 33,000 less last year than in 1927, yet over 400,000 additions were received, and here, at least, we have registered some of the world's uncounted kindnesses.

THE MYSTERIOUS STONES OF EXMOOR

Heath fires are bad things, but sometimes a little good may come of much bad.

This summer a heath fire swept away all vegetation from a part of Exmoor near Porlock, and many birds and beasts doubtless lost their lives. But someone walking over the bare black land afterwards noticed some great stones which had been hidden.

An archaeologist who inspected them says they resemble in texture the altar stone at Stonehenge. It may be that the fire has uncovered the remains of a Druid temple.

On the other hand, some people believe that the stones are the ruins of a village which was sacked and laid waste by Harold after he landed near Porlock. In that case the fire has unveiled a tragedy nine centuries old.

One thing seems certain: human hands set the stone on the heath, and the heath has hidden them from human eyes for centuries.

FOR THE MEN UNDER THE SEA

An Italian inventor has made a protective garment for men who go down in the sea in submarines which may serve them as the safety parachute serves those who soar in aeroplanes.

The garment is a hood covering the head and fastened under the armpits, and equipped with a tube of highly-compressed air which can be allowed to flow by a regulating tap at the wearer's waist into the hood. The used-up air in the hood escapes as bubbles.

It is hoped that this may prove as effective as a diver's suit in enabling a man imprisoned in a submarine to rise to the surface through a hatchway fitted with a valve in the submarine's sides.

A GIANT BOOK

If all the publications issued by the International Labour Office in different languages were made into one book the number of pages would be 43,000.

Over sixty countries have these publications on sale, Germany being the country which receives the greatest number from Geneva. Great Britain and Spain, taking about equal quantities, come next, and France and Italy follow. The total sales for 1928 were nearly double those for 1925, a sure proof that these publications are valued.

EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY

What the American Tourist Spends

Filled with the desire to see that old Europe which owes them so much money thousands of Americans cross the Atlantic to spend money there every year. Last year they spent over a hundred million pounds on their trips.

The U.S. Department of Commerce says this is more than twice the sum the United States receives in payment for interest on War Debts from her old allies.

It is pleasant to think that all the gold which we send out to this proud and powerful people does not stay there—pleasant, also, to think that some of it burns the American pocket; pleasantest of all to believe that they spend it among us because they like the entertainment we have to offer.

The exchange of American dollars for European entertainment must bring us closer together. We cannot know all the guests we entertain from the New World, but if General Dawes and Mr. Tilden are fair examples we may hope for more of them, and still more.

HOW JOE SMITH GOT A NEW SUIT

A Barnsley reader sends us an account of a singularly fit reward in recognition of a good deed.

Two little lads, brothers, eight-and-a-half and five-and-a-half years old, went to fish in the canal and the younger fell in. His brother tried to get him out and also fell in. Their cries brought to the spot Joe Smith, a lad of fifteen, who at once plunged in and managed to get both lads to the side of the canal, where they were pulled out by others who had arrived. Taken to a house near by the little lads soon recovered.

Some members of the crowd that gathered at once offered money to Joe Smith, but he would not accept anything.

When the deed was heard of by his master, however, he was so delighted with his pluck and spirit that he bought him a complete rig-out of clothes, including boots and cap, which the lad could not well refuse—an ending very honourable to all concerned.

MONTACUTE

Montacute House is not to go to America after all. Its new owner is English. The news has given general pleasure.

Montacute, near Yeovil, part of an estate of 400 acres, is one of the finest of the stately homes of England and took twenty years to build. It was built for Sir Edward Phelips, who was Speaker in Elizabeth's day, and it has been in the Phelips family for four centuries.

Tom Coryat, who wrote the first of English travel-books, has a notable reference to it. Describing the princely palace of the Archbishop of Cologne at Bonn, he said: "One of my company, that advised me to behold it well, told me it was a palace of so great magnificence that he thought all England could not yield the like. But surely his opinion was very false and erroneous, for there is one in Somersetshire, the magnificent house of my most worthy neighbour Sir Edward Phelips, that may be at least equally ranked with this of Bonn, if not something before it."

THE MICROBE IN THE WATER

Water is the oldest visible thing in the world. Here is something new about it.

A German chemist, Dr. Krause, has discovered that very fine silver powder has the surprising property of killing bacteria.

One grain of finely divided silver will kill all microbes in about 30,000 gallons of water, and goes on doing it indefinitely, so that a tank treated in this way would require no attention.

THE FOUR POSTER

Oldest Signpost in England

A FRAGMENT OF HISTORY

A Leicester reader challenges the claim of a signpost at Brownhills to be the oldest in England, as was stated recently in the C.N.

Our correspondent says that in the Cotswold Hills, a little past the top of Broadway Hill, on the road for Stow-on-the-Wold, at the point where the road up the hill from Chipping Campden crosses it, is a post with an iron head which, at any rate, is much older than the one at Brownhills. It is 260 years old and is still doing duty.

There are four iron arms at right angles, and worked in the iron on the arms are these notices:

The way to Worcester.
The way to Oxford.
The way to Gloucester.
The way to Warwick.

These four places are the nearest county towns. The end of each arm is a rudely formed hand. Worked in the iron of one of the arms is the date 1669. A modern signpost stands within a yard or two of the old one. The spot is known as the Crossed Hands.

Our correspondent adds that he hopes the county authorities realise that this post is an interesting fragment of history. We wonder what old craftsman forged it.

THE BEST PRIZE OF ALL

A Great Example From York

We congratulate the Mill Mount Secondary School for Girls at York. It has a right to be proud of what its young athletes have done this year.

At the annual sports there were no prizes, because the girls wished the prize money to be sent to the National Playing Fields Fund instead. Here is true self-sacrifice. Those little silver trophies are treasured for many years. But the Mill Mount girls gave them up.

"We have beautiful playing fields," they said, "and we ought to do something for those who have no playground but a street."

That is the team spirit at its best. It is fairly easy to sink your own interests in the interests of your house or school, for everyone expects you to do it. But it is not so easy to remember the bigger team, the team that embraces rich and poor, and to sacrifice yourself for those you have never seen.

PITY POOR PRINCES

In a new French book of memoirs there is recalled an amusing story about Edward the Seventh.

When Prince of Wales he visited Paris and at a certain restaurant he had Montreuil peaches for dessert. On getting his bill he found that he had been charged 25 francs a peach.

Beckoning the proprietor he said, sarcastically, "I suppose peaches are very scarce this year?"

"No, sir," said the restaurateur, "it is not peaches that are scarce, but princes."

His Highness was amused, and paid the princely bill without a princely complaint.

THE THREE CHIMNEYS IN THE STRAND

A correspondent writes to ask the C.N. if it will once more call attention to the smoking chimneys of the Strand.

We gladly do so. It is strange, surely, that three chimneys of one hotel not a mile from the Adelphi should pour forth more smoke every day than all the other chimneys in the Strand put together.

Perhaps the Medical Officer of Health for Westminster does not pass this way.

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A QUARTETTE OF SUNS

TRAVELLING TOGETHER IN PAIRS

Something to Look For in Lyra

SPACE, TIME, AND ETERNITY

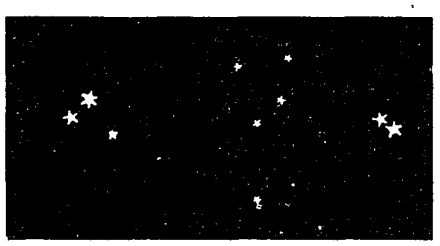
By the C.N. Astronomer

A most interesting little star known as Epsilon in Lyra may be seen near the brilliant Vega, which was described in last week's C.N.

Though Epsilon is faint, it is readily perceived on a dark, clear night, and may be easily identified with the aid of last week's star-map of Lyra. If the observer faces south it will be seen about three times the Moon's apparent width to the left of Vega.

To sharp eyes this little star will appear elongated, but very little magnification, even opera-glasses, will show that it is composed of two stars. Observers with very good sight can see this star divided into two. One appears somewhat brighter than the other, being of about 4½ magnitude, while the other is a little above 5th magnitude.

Seen through a moderately powerful astronomical telescope each of the stars is found to be composed of two suns,



The arrangement of the suns composing Epsilon in Lyra

two delightful pairs of varied colours arranged as shown in the picture, with fainter and probably far more distant stars in the space between the pairs.

This quartette of suns is at an immense distance from us, over a thousand light-years. They must be colossal suns, much larger than ours, to appear so bright at such a distance.

Each pair of suns revolves round a central point between them, but the motion appears so small at such a distance that their exact period of revolution cannot be determined until they have been observed for a few more years. It has been estimated that they take between one and two thousand years to make one revolution.

Another interesting little star is Zeta in Lyra, whose position is also shown in last week's star-map. When looked at through a quite small telescope this star is seen to be composed of two, one about fourth magnitude the other nearly sixth.

The Bonds of Gravitation

So far there has been no evidence to show that they are revolving around one another; but they are travelling in the same direction in space and so are probably connected by the bonds of gravitation.

Their average distance is calculated to be about 116 light-years, so they are 7,366,000 times as far as our Sun, nearly four and a half times as far as Vega.

We see from the above record of these, the nearest and brightest of the stars appearing around Vega, how terrific are the distances between them, and with the aid of the stellar model described in last week's article we may the better realise it.

Then, when we reflect that there are many hundreds of suns that may be seen in a telescope, even in what appears this small region around Vega, and all at a distance so great that their light takes many thousands of years to reach us, and that there are still more in a never-ending beyond, we may begin to learn how space and time may merge into Eternity.

G. F. M.

TWO QUIET LADIES AND JACK

Looking After the R.N.

Everyone knows that women do wonderful things today, but we often forget what wonderful things they did yesterday.

Nearly 60 years ago, for instance, two ladies quietly decided to look after the men of the Royal Navy. Perhaps someone said "That is a man's job."

"Then men are doing it badly," the ladies may have answered.

They said that when Jack is ashore it is a shame to tell him "You can wander up and down the streets in the rain, or you can go to a public-house."

The ladies said the streets were not good enough for a tired sailor; something must be done—and they did it. They bought a public-house near the dockyard gates at Devonport and turned it into a comfortable club. There the sailor could rest, write letters, play games, and get a decent bed. No longer was he forced to go to the worst and dirtiest houses because he had nowhere else to go.

Sailors' Rests

The place grew and grew, and another mammoth building was opened at Portsmouth also. The buildings were called Sailors' Rests, and the men who flocked to them found friendship as well as comfort. The two ladies became advisers and confidantes to thousands of bluejackets. By now the reader will have guessed that their names were Agnes Weston and Sophia Wintz.

Philanthropic works usually labour under a load of debt. These ladies were such good business people that the huge buildings are freehold and clear of mortgages. But money is needed to enlarge them, for more and more sailors use them every year.

Agnes Weston died in 1918, and admirers gave £30,000 to add a block to the Devonport building as a memorial. Sophia Wintz died last January, and £15,000 is asked now so that a block may be added at Portsmouth in her name. Surely all lovers of the sea and of good women will want her to have a memorial as well.

It is pleasant to know that the work is being carried on in their traditions by a nephew of Agnes Weston.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

Where is the Native Home of the Goldfish?

The golden carp, or goldfish, is a native of China and the warmer parts of Japan.

What is the Origin of the Saying "To Fit to a T"?

It means to fit exactly as a T-square, made in the shape of a T, fits the side of a drawing-board.

Has the New Moon the Same Effect on Tides as the Full Moon?

Yes; because although we see less of the Moon it is still there and exerts just the same amount of force.

Why Do Bees Cut Oval Pieces from Rose Leaves?

These are the leaf-cutting bees and they cut out these pieces of growing rose leaves to line their cells in a tunnel bored in rotten wood. Then in the cells they lay their eggs.

What is an Escalator?

A stairway arranged as an endless belt which moves constantly in one direction, so that those stepping on to it are carried to a higher level without walking up stairs. Escalators are fitted at several underground railway stations in London.

How Did Surnames Originate?

In various ways. Some were originally Christian names and some were derived from relationship to a parent, as Johnson, Jackson, Richardson, and so on. Others came from the trade of a man, as Smith, Archer, Piper, and so on; others again from his home or some landmark as Trent, Bourne, Lea, Twelvetrees; and others were nicknames, descriptive or otherwise, as Longshanks, Goodfellow. These are only a few of the ways in which surnames have originated.

THE CHEMIST AND THE FARMER

Growing More and More

A NEW SCIENTIFIC FARM

Jealott's Hill is a farm of some 450 Berkshire acres which hopes to raise crops all over the world.

The simple explanation is that it is a farm belonging to Imperial Chemical Industries which is set among the Berkshire hills for the sole purpose of seeing what chemicals can do to improve the yield of the land.

Just thirty years ago Sir William Crookes told the world that its wheat supply would fail it unless fertilising nitrates were found to manure the soil and make it produce more. The gathering of artificial nitrates from the air was then in its infancy.

It is now a full-grown industry, and its products, its fertilisers of various kinds, will some day go over the world to make the soil bring forth its increase.

What the Farm Hopes To Do

At Jealott's Hill Farm all the chemical fertilisers are to be tested. They will be tried on many crops, and on many soils, because what is one soil's sustenance is another soil's poison.

Jealott's Hill Farm hopes to furnish the right kind of chemical to every soil and every crop all over the world.

A beginning has been made with the English soils which grow wheats and oats and barley and grass. Grass is a great test case, because on the quality of the grass which grows in England, or in Queensland, in New Zealand or in the grasslands of Africa, depend the herds of cattle and the quality of the milk and butter they supply.

Chemical manures which would make the grass in the pastures grow earlier, last later in the year, and feed cattle better, would make millions of pounds for the British farmer.

If Jealott's Hill can show the way to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before it will have deserved well of its time.

SIMON LANGTON

And the Schools Which Keep His Memory Green

How easy it is to make a mistake is well known to all children and to all editors.

We made one the other day when telling how the excellent Simon Langton School in Canterbury had happily linked itself in friendship with a Canterbury school in Australia.

We connected the Kent school with the famous Archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton, whereas it was Stephen's less famous brother Simon who founded the institution which, after strange changes, has become the two Simon Langton Schools, one for boys and another for girls, in ancient Canterbury.

Simon Langton was Archdeacon of Canterbury, and a very vigorous man. He played an active part in the troublesome reign of King John and later. Once he was on the point of being made Primate of York, but was set aside because at the moment his brother Stephen was out of favour with the powers that be, owing to his patriotic English attitude. So Simon had to settle down as an archdeacon at Canterbury.

One of his activities there was to help in the founding of a hospital for poor clerics, of whom there were many. The hospital had considerable endowments which, as time went on, were used for various purposes after the hospital had been done away with in the reign of Elizabeth; but eventually new secondary schools for boys and girls came into existence.

It is interesting to know that the Simon Langton girls are not only cultivating friendships in Australia but also that they have a Junior Branch of the League of Nations Union.



Bursting with Life and Energy

MERRY and happy—full of energy and romping fun—their glorious health is derived from nourishment and from that source alone.

Growing children need a super-abundance of those food elements which promote growth and create energy—elements often lacking in the ordinary daily dietary.

Give your children delicious "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage. For "Ovaltine" is *all* nourishment—health and energy-giving nourishment. This delicious combination of Nature's best foods presents in correct nutritive proportions not only all the vitamins but every other element their little bodies need to build strong bones, straight limbs and sound muscles.

From malt, milk and eggs the nutritive elements are extracted, concentrated and rendered easy of digestion. One cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than three eggs.

Children love the delicious flavour of "Ovaltine." On hot days they may prefer it *cold*. "Ovaltine" made with cold milk or milk and water provides a delightfully refreshing and sustaining drink—just what is needed to keep their energies from flagging.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Delicious Hot or Cold

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

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Delicious Milk Chocolate

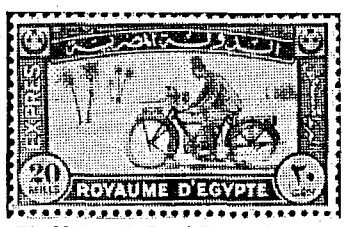
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How good to bite on!
And *what* a lovely taste!
Ask for Rowntree's
Whole Nut Stick
at the sweet-shop.



2D EACH

ROWNTREE'S
WHOLE NUT
STICK

The New Stamp Collecting



The Motor-cycle Postal Express in Egypt.

SPEED
STAMPS

by DOUGLAS ARMSTRONG

If you are interested in stamp collecting you must read this fascinating article in this week's *Modern Boy*.

It tells about the important part that mechanical transport has played in speeding-up mails and of the stamps of several countries which bear witness to this phase of postal success.

MODERN BOY

Buy a copy TO-DAY **2d.**

FASHIONS TO ORDER

The Law and People's Clothes

REGULATING THE WARDROBE AND THE TABLE

Past and Present seem to march side by side in two movements affecting modern clothes.

In England certain people, instead of dressing as they wish and leaving others to do the same, seek to organise a society which shall change the dress of men; but in Italy a similar desire to change the style of women's dress becomes a matter of law. Italian women are to wear dresses which Mussolini and his Blackshirts approve; in England we are asked to allow ourselves to be drilled so that all men shall discard collars and wear plus-fours, bare knees, and no hats. The C.N. prays that at least we may be saved from plus-fours!

In the old days, if the people who wish to alter the style of our clothes are really serious they would have had little difficulty in making a State matter of it. They would have secured the assistance of a handful of nobles and got a law passed dictating precisely what should be worn and by whom, the garments, their style, cost, material, and colour; and the rest of the nation would have disobeyed at its peril.

The Old Sumptuary Laws

For centuries English costume was governed by what were known as Sumptuary Laws, sumptuary being derived from a Latin word meaning expense. The law laid down what men and women should wear. It was an offence for anyone not enjoying an income of £100 a year to wear fur, skins, or silk.

No one but members of the Royal Family was permitted to have clothes of foreign cloth. When the Battle of Waterloo was fought it was still the law of the land that the dead should lie shrouded in nothing but wool. The quality and cut of clothes were both determined by statute in the days of what men fondly call Merrie England.

The Sumptuary Laws looked after more than clothes; they permitted state officers to peer into the home, to regulate the number of guests entertained, and to insist that food should be neither costly nor over-abundant. No man in the time of Edward the Third was permitted to have more than two courses at dinner or supper except on festivals, when three were allowed.

TWO MOUNDS OF EARTH

The World Gets Better and Better

The other day some photographs from Kumasi were being examined.

Black policemen were seen controlling traffic in wide streets, there were imposing Government offices, banks, churches, and an extremely fine building known as Wesley College.

That set somebody talking of Kumasi as it was in 1839, when Thomas Birch Freeman ventured through a vast forest to visit the Ashanti king. Of course the king knew of his coming, and when the missionary arrived he found the monarch in the market-place, sitting under a state umbrella, surrounded by chiefs, drummers, and executioners.

Between him and the newcomer were two fresh mounds of earth. *The king had ordered that two men should be buried alive there to ward off any evil power the white man might possess.*

Some people say this is a wicked world, but we know it is considerably less wicked than it was in 1839.

THAMES FLOODS

Can They Be Foretold?

TIMING THE STORM TIDE

Five hours up and seven hours down From London Bridge to Teddington.

When the next Thames flood comes it will not take London by surprise as in January, 1928. The floods are being forecast.

It is not possible, so the forecasters tell us, to declare when the next disastrous flood will bore up the Thames from the estuary to Hammersmith, but we may expect one in the next 25 years. Thames floods of this exceptional kind may be expected to happen twice as often in the next 50 years as in the past half-century.

Mr. J. S. Dines of the Meteorological Office and Dr. A. T. Doodson of the Liverpool Tidal Institute, who have worked this out, tell us why. It is a matter of both wind and tide.

A very, very high tide, if there were no wind to help it, could be predicted by the Tide Measuring Machines, which never cease their calculations. But a very high tide might cause no great disturbance unless the wind conspired to push behind its back.

Peril of Storm Surges

The high tide of January, 1928, was urged forward by a Baltic cyclone. We now know that north-westerly or northerly winds over the north part of the North Sea joined with easterly or north-easterly winds over the southern North Sea, tend to push water up the Thames. If these winds happen at the time of a very high tide then the result is a dangerously high tide.

There is always danger when a cyclone begins on the west coast of Scotland and travels over to the Baltic. That sets up a storm surge in the Thames estuary, and when this is joined to the high tide the damage is done.

High tides can be predicted; storm surges cannot. Though we may have many warnings it may prove to be a cry of Wolf, and we may hope this will happen often.

AUSTRALIA ON THE LONDON TELEPHONE

Wireless is making the world a very small place.

For some time London has been in direct communication by telephone with several Canadian and American cities; and now, thanks to the engineers of the great British Communications Company, it is possible to speak from England to Australia. Conversations have taken place between Bridgwater in Somerset and Sydney in Australia, and the service can be put into public use as soon as permission to do so is received from the authorities.

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER

The sons of Sir George Trevelyan, who died last year, six months after his wife, have placed this beautiful inscription on their mother's grave:

"By nature courteous and gentle towards all and full of tender concern for the welfare of others. A skilful painter of landscapes she loved so well. Above all, singularly blessed in almost 60 years of happy married life. *So did she travel on life's common way.*"

THE YOUNGEST M.P. HAS A WORD

If we cannot adapt or modify things so that elementary human needs may be attended to before this House rises the very existence of this Chamber is imperilled. The generation I belong to is not going to perpetuate a medieval institution when glaring needs are being postponed unless that institution brings itself into line with the needs of the modern world.

Miss Jennie Lee, the youngest M.P., in the House of Commons.

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THE RISE OF A MIGHTY ARMY

How B.-P. Began the Great Scout March

There was once a little boy called Robert Baden-Powell who played truant from school, and was no doubt punished for it when he was caught.

Yet he did not play truant because he wanted to do anything wrong: he wanted to do things for which the modern boy is praised, though the old-fashioned boy was scolded for them.

He used to escape from the playground into the woods, where he tracked birds and animals, lit camp fires, and practised creeping about as noiselessly as an Indian. He loved old Mother Earth and all her creatures, and he got great fun from the things he learned in the wood.

When he grew up he found, first in the jungles of India and then on the plains of Africa, that his games in the woods had been not only good fun but valuable training. He could find his way where others might have wandered till they died of thirst, and he could espy danger and escape it where others would have walked into a trap. And he found the world a far more interesting place than those who had never really learned to use their eyes and ears.

A National Hero

War came, and the young man's courage made a national hero of him. One day a boys club wrote and asked the hero for a message.

Now, in those days boys clubs were chiefly run by people who thought that all boys were naturally bad. There were only two kinds of boy, bad ones and prigs. They felt there must be something wrong about a thing if a normal boy enjoyed doing it, and from this view sprang the famous saying, "Go and see what Tommy is doing, and tell him he mustn't."

B.-P. wrote this reply to the club:

My dear Boys,

The rules of your Association bind you to keep yourselves clear of drinking, smoking, gambling, coarse talk, and so on. You cannot do better than follow these rules, and I admire you for carrying them out as you do.

But remember this. When soldiers defend a place they don't only sit quiet to do it, but they also make counter-attacks against the enemy to drive him off.

So you should not be content with sitting down to defend yourselves against evil habits, but should be active in doing good.

By doing good I mean making yourselves useful and doing small kindnesses to other people—whether they are friends or strangers.

It is not a difficult matter, and the best way to set about it is to make up your mind to do at least one good turn to somebody every day, and you will soon get into the habit of doing good turns always.

A Grown-Up Who Understood

The boys must have rubbed their eyes. Here at last was a grown-up who understood! For the first time someone had said Do instead of Don't.

Perhaps that letter may be regarded as the seed from which the Boy Scout movement sprang. It was written in 1901, and there was no organisation till 1908; but in the meantime the Scouts had been born.

B.-P. was the sower rather than the founder of the movement. Living things are not founded, they grow. If anyone founded the Boy Scouts they founded themselves.

In 1900 Baden-Powell had published a book for men called Aids to Scouting. Boys loved it, and played at being scouts just as they used to play at being Red Indians or Argonauts. Sometimes they dressed up for this new game, wearing shorts, shirts, and broad-brimmed hats in imitation of Baden-Powell's African kit.

One day a famous man was riding home when a voice overhead cried, "Father, you are shot!" He looked up and saw his small son and the governess sitting in the branches of a tree. "I am in ambush," the youngster declared. "You have passed under me without seeing me, so you are shot. Remember you should always look upward as well as around you!"

The governess explained that it was a game they got from Aids to Scouting, and the famous man told B.-P.

When B.-P. learned how children were turning his text-book into a games book all over England and abroad he said to himself "Let us make something real instead of something make-believe from their games. After all, the qualities that make a scout, whether a war-time scout or a peace-time scout, are the qualities that make a good citizen; he must be reliable, plucky, smart, healthy, and handy. He must be able to do any sort of job."

B.-P. made an experiment. He collected some boys from Eton and the East End, and took them into camp on Brownsea Island in August, 1907. They took to scouting like ducks to water, and class and creed made not the least division among them. So great was the success of this camp that B.-P. knew he had found his life-work.

The Scout's Honour

In 1908 a book on Scouting for Boys was published, an office was opened, and the first troops were inspected. At once the whole nation, from King Edward downward, recognised the fineness and freshness of the scheme.

Three things distinguished it from all other organisations: the daily good turn, the patrol system which trains boys in responsibility, and the absence of the words Don't and Must Not. The Scout Law says *A Scout's Honour is to be trusted*, instead of saying *A Scout must not lie, steal, or cheat.*

B-P. was the best champion boys ever had, for he showed that the things boys liked to do were good. No wonder the movement leaped into success; and in 1909, when the first big rally was held at the Crystal Palace, the Scottish Scouts alone numbered six thousand. By 1910 the movement was flourishing in Australia, Canada, South Africa, America, Russia, Germany, and Italy. It has never ceased to spread.

There has just appeared a most admirable and useful volume by one of the best-informed adherents of the Scout movement: Twenty-One Years of Scouting, by E. K. Wade. Published by Pearson's at 7s 6d., this history of the Scouts is one long chronicle of triumphs, culminating in the great Jamboree of 1929. It shows us that the Scout movement is the jolliest thing in the world, but it shows, too, that the thing which began as a game of make-believe has become something real, something that serves the world.

What Scouting Showed the World

The Great War would have killed the Scout movement if Scouting had been just a case of open-air games. Instead it showed the world that these boys could be trusted like men. The Sea Scouts acted as coastguards from August 5, 1914, till all men were demobilised. Land Scouts harvested crops, worked for hospitals, carried Government messages, and shepherded refugees regularly and faithfully.

Chaliapin in his memoirs tells how during a war-time visit to England he was struck by the service rendered by Scouts at Newhaven, Glasgow, and London. "The boys came to the train to offer assistance to travellers. The attention they paid to one Jewish family was quite touching. They amused the children, who were in tears, reassured the distracted parents, joked and laughed with them, looked after their baggage; and did it all so adroitly and with so much humanity that it drew tears of admiration to my eyes."

In peace as in war the Scouts stand for service, and it is hard to think how the world could do without them today.



You'd wink like that too if someone had given you a packet of Nestlé's Milk Chocolate Napolitains. Creamy milk chocolate! You can get one at the sweetshop for 6d. The choc that's choc-full of creamy goodness!

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THE GOLD THIEVES

By T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 9
Skinner of Sheba

As there was nothing else for it, the three obeyed and, keeping their hands up, walked out into the open.

"Now, march!" said the old fellow, motioning with his gun for them to go straight up the street. "I'm going to learn you that there's still law and order in the town of Sheba, even if there is only one man left to enforce it."

"But we haven't done anything to break the law, sir," said Bruce, and his crisp English voice seemed to startle the old man. "We are hunting thieves ourselves, men who stole the gold from the Last Chance Mine."

The old fellow came a step nearer and stared at Bruce. It seemed plain that he was short-sighted. "You mean to say you are not the chaps who shot up this place two days ago?" he asked, with a shade of doubt in his tone.

"It's the first time we've ever seen the place or heard of it," Bruce told him. "My cousin here, Clive Winslow, and I are fresh from England. When we arrived at Last Chance we found my father laid up with a broken leg and all the six months' clean up of gold gone. My uncle, Mr. Winslow, had gone after the thieves, so we asked Mr. Ricard here to come with us, and we've been trying to catch up with my uncle and help him to run down the men. We hit their track where they dragged their canoe over the Divide, and that's how we found your town."

Bruce told his story in such a straightforward way that the suspicions of the old gentleman were distinctly shaken.

"You certainly speak like a Britisher," he said uncertainly. "And you're not much more than a kid. But I'm not taking any chances after what happened two days ago. Keep your hands up while I see if you've any guns in your clothes."

"I've got a gun," Bleak told him. "You can take it if you've a mind to. But these here boys ain't armed."

"I told you I wasn't taking any chances!" retorted the old chap, and, after possessing himself of Bleak's small revolver, carefully searched the boys.

Bleak laughed.

"Now I hope you're satisfied," he said. "If not, maybe you'd like to look in my wallet, where you'll find my licence to shoot game with my name and my address at Tequam."

"You come from Tequam?" exclaimed the other sharply.

"That's my home," said Bleak.

"Do you know a man named Skinner who lives there?"

"I ought to. Joe Skinner lives next door to me with his wife and his two kids, Mally and Bud."

An extraordinary change came over the old man's face.

"He's my boy," he said eagerly. "I'm Ezra Skinner."

"Well, I'll be shot!" exclaimed Bleak. "I've heard him tell of you. He used to wonder if you were alive or dead. I reckon I can tell him you're a long way off dead," he added with a faint chuckle.

"No, I'm not dead yet," agreed Ezra. "All right, boys. Put down your hands. I'm sure glad you're not the folk I thought you were, but if you'd been through what I went through two days ago you'd be every bit as skeery as me. Those fellows fair tore the town up."

"Who were they?" asked Bruce eagerly.

"I don't know that I can tell you much except that there were three of them," replied Ezra, scratching his head.

"One was a big chap," put in Bleak; "weighed about two hundred pounds. And one, I'd say, limps a little."

Ezra's eyes narrowed. "Thought you said you hadn't seen them."

"I've seen their tracks," Bleak answered.

"You're right about one being big. And ugly as he's big. And one does limp a little. I'd reckon he'd had a wound in his thigh some time or other which made the muscles shorter. Anyway, they're three bad fellows, and I'm mighty glad to be rid of them." He paused and looked at the boys. "Come on up to my place and eat. After that I'll tell you."

Ezra Skinner's little house was neat and tidy except for two or three broken window panes which he pointed out. "Those fellows broke 'em," he said angrily. "They shot the whole place up, and it was mighty lucky they didn't shoot me too. Now sit yourselves down while I find some grub."

A fire was burning in a small iron stove. Skinner quickly put slices of venison into a frying-pan and coffee into a coffee-pot. He opened a couple of tins of peaches and one of condensed milk. From a cupboard he took biscuits—small cakes of baking-powder bread made by himself, very light and crisp.

"I've got plenty of grub," he said as they sat down to supper. "There's stuff here to last me a lifetime. You see, about eight years ago the diggings on the creek began to get worked out, and then came the news of the big strike over on the Porcupine. Every mother's son packed up and went out. You never saw such a rush. They just took what they could carry and left the rest."

"But you stayed?" said Bleak.

"I had to stay," said Ezra gravely. "I was marshal of Sheba, and I reckoned it was up to me to stick by the town. Anyway, there's gold here yet, and some day I reckon to strike the Mother lode, and then Sheba will be her old self again."

"Pretty lonely, isn't it?" asked Bruce.

Ezra nodded. "That's a fact. Specially in winter, when the wolves comes down out of the hills. But I've got fire and food and a gun, and I keep pretty busy. I don't have much to worry me."

"Except when strangers turn up," suggested Clive with a smile.

"I don't mind strangers if they behave themselves. It's only folks like those three you're after."

"What did they want?" asked Bruce.

"Grub. They tried the Palace first, and tore the whole place up looking. When they didn't find any they got mad and shot up the big mirrors and did a lot of damage. After that they came up this way, but I reckon my old scatter gun discouraged 'em. I peppered 'em some and after a bit they went."

"You saw only three?" asked Clive.

"Three was enough," said Ezra.

"I'm thinking of my father."

Ezra shook his head. "I didn't see him, but that's not to say he didn't come by. I'm off prospecting most days."

"He's passed and gone on," said Bruce to Clive.

Clive looked worried. "What chance will he have against these three blackguards?" he asked, and for once Bruce could not find anything comforting to say.

CHAPTER 10
The Short Cut

They slept at Ezra's house and early the next morning went up to fetch the canoe. It was easier getting it downhill than up and in a couple of hours they had launched it in the Lizard. Ezra came down to see them off.

"I reckon you've gained a day on those gold thieves already," he said; "and I'm going to tell you something which will maybe gain you another day. About twelve miles down from here you'll come to the Split Rock Rapids. They're not very long, but they're steep and I'll allow they look mighty bad. I guess pretty nearly everyone who uses the river portages round 'em; and a mighty bad portage it is because you've got to carry everything up to the top of a bluff nigh two hundred feet high. But Split Rock's not as bad as it looks. There's only one bad place, and that's just at the bottom where the big Split Rock stands. When you see that rock keep to the right—it's the narrower channel but a sight straighter than the one to the left. You get me, Ricard?"

"Yes, and I'm surely obliged to you, old timer." Ezra shook hands all round and stood watching as they pushed off.

The boys soon found it was a different and much easier business going with the stream than against it. Yet even so they were amazed when, after only two hours' paddling, the river began to narrow between high rock walls and a low thunder came from the distance. "Surely it can't be Split Rock Rapids already?" exclaimed Bruce.

"That's what it is, boy," said Bleak. "And here's where we make our big gain. Bruce, you get up in the bow with the pole. Clive, you sit in the middle, but don't use your paddle unless I tell you. I'm going to take her through."

It was the first time the boys had run a rapid, and their breath came a little quicker as the murmur increased to a roar. The speed of the canoe increased, and suddenly they saw ahead of them leaping white breakers which dashed against dark rock masses. Clive gasped, for it did not appear to him to be possible that any craft made by man could pass through that tangle of rocks and roaring waters in safety. The canoe dipped slightly, she shot forward with the speed of a car. Fingers of ice seemed to grip Clive's heart, for before him was a sea of tumbling white water the end of which was hidden in a curtain of mist.

The light craft plunged down the long, smooth, swiftly-running stretch that formed the upper part of the rapid. Right ahead a great black rock showed its ugly head above the surface; then, just as the canoe appeared to be about to charge it bow on, Bleak, with one sharp twist of the paddle, wrenched it aside and the rock swished past like a dark phantom and was lost to sight. Another rock and another were passed in similar fashion. The canoe flew past them at dizzy speed. The roar of the water was deafening, spray dashed in sheets over the canoe and its occupants.

Suddenly the light craft struck a huge wave and seemed to leap bodily into the air; yet Bleak kept her head straight and she plunged down the far side at an even more frantic pace.

It seemed to Clive as if they were dropping over the face of a fall. Two smaller waves, great rolls of water, were passed in similar fashion, then for a moment the mad pace slackened slightly. But only for a moment, for then they came upon another slide where the whole mass of the river, penned in a breadth of barely thirty feet, shot downward in one great spout. At the end of this spout the stream widened a little and was split by a tall, double-headed rock. To the left the channel was broad and seemingly open, that at the right was a mere crack so narrow it seemed as if there were barely room for the canoe to pass.

Bleak shouted: "To the right, Clive. Paddle!"

Clive's paddle flashed. But all the weight of the stream was carrying them to the left, and for a bad moment it seemed as if their efforts to turn the canoe would be useless. For an instant she was almost broadside to the current, and Bruce raised his pole to fend off from the great rock. But Bleak's strength was tremendous and at the very last moment success rewarded his efforts. Passing the rock so close that Clive could have touched it with outstretched hand, they switched into the right-hand channel. Once in it the stream did the rest, and it was only necessary for Bleak to steer. The swift current running smoothly bore them along and in less time than it takes to tell they had shot into safety in a broader, slower reach where no rocks showed above the surface.

Bleak pulled out an old silver watch.

"Just under three minutes," he said with a faint smile.

"Gosh!" said Bruce, "it felt more like three hours to me."

"I nearly had heart failure," said Clive, yet his grin contradicted his words. "But I say, Bruce, this is fine. We must have picked up miles on those gold thieves. Let's push ahead and see if we can't catch them."

Here Bleak put his foot down. "We'll go ashore, son, and get some grub. No sense in playing ourselves out. We'll paddle a heap better after a good dinner."

Bleak's word was law, so they paddled on until clear of the gorge and landed on a pleasant stretch of sandy beach with a grove of silver-barked birch trees behind it. It looked, Bruce said, as if it were made for camping. They pulled up the canoe, hauled out the food pack and got from it cold meat and bread. Plain fare, but they were hungry enough to enjoy it thoroughly.

After eating, Clive got up to have a walk round and stretch his muscles, cramped with long hours in the canoe. He had not gone fifty paces before his shout brought the others hurrying after him. They found him pointing to the ashes of a small fire. "They're warm," he said eagerly. "They're still warm."

Bleak felt them and for once a little tinge of excitement showed on the leathery face.

"I guess you're right, Clive! Those fellows haven't been gone more than two to three hours. I reckon they spent most of yesterday portaging round those three rapids and were that tired they slept late this morning. Anyway, I reckon they didn't leave before ten."

"And it's not much after midday yet," said Bruce, glancing at his shadow. "Bleak, if we push on at once we may run into them before night."

"We'll make a mighty good try at it," declared Bleak as he started for the canoe.

Two minutes later the three of them were back in the canoe and driving full speed down the river.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO MAKES A STIR

Jacko's big brother Adolphus wasn't at all bad at tennis. Having spent hours in the queues at Wimbledon in an attempt to get a good look at his hero, he was supposed to be modelling himself on Borotra.

And he wasn't doing badly, for he had succeeded in beating the champion of Monkeyville—which his mother said ought to make him very proud.

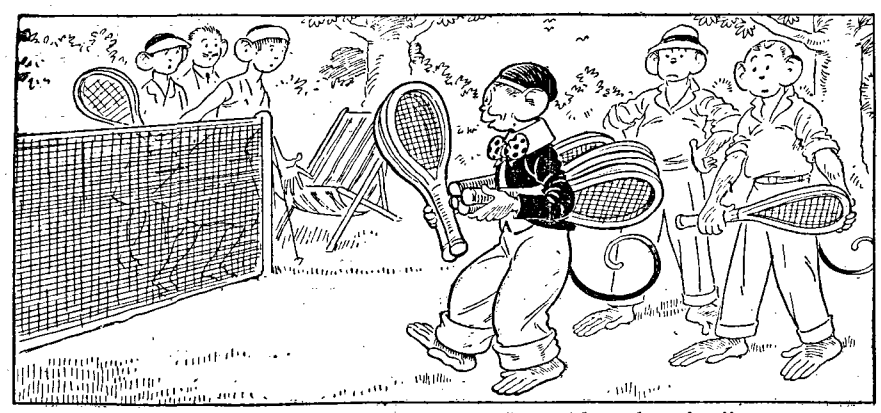
Jacko said it did. It was Adolphus's conceit, according to Jacko, that made him refuse the invitation to the grand tennis party at the Big House.

Mother Jacko said it was an honour; Adolphus said it was a bore, for there would be nobody there worth playing with.

Jacko said he'd go if Adolphus would lend him a racket.

"You leave my rackets alone!" growled Adolphus.

But as soon as he was out of the way Jacko crept up to his brother's room and looked round. There were the precious rackets, six of them, lying side by side.



"Six rackets!" they murmured. "He must be a champion."

Jacko picked one up and examined it, and then, making a ball of Adolphus's bedroom slipper, he gave it a mighty whack.

It fell into the washstand—and sent a stream of water over a beautiful pair of white flannel trousers. Somehow the sight of the trousers gave Jacko an idea. He grinned. "I'll do it!" he murmured.

That afternoon the guests at the garden party were surprised to see a strange little figure come pattering across the tennis lawn.

"Six rackets!" they said with awe. "He must be a champion."

They looked at his beret, and thought of Borotra. They looked at his trousers, and thought it must be a new tennis fashion to wear them so enormous.

"Of course, it's Adolphus!" cried somebody.

"It's not!" cried the hostess, who had just appeared. "It's that young rascal Jacko!" And she made a dive at him. But Jacko ran faster!

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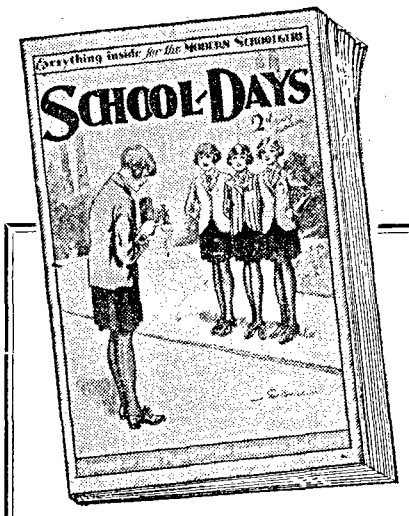
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In this week's issue of SCHOOL-DAYS appears the first of a new series of travel articles—"The Travels of Una & Co. in Europe." You will like Una and John and Cecily and Aunt Janet and you will love the places of breathless beauty which they visit. This week it is Bayeux, with its famous Cathedral and Queen Matilda's Tapestry. Then there is a second story in

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series, a long-holiday tale

"THE PUNTING EXPEDITION"

and the third instalment of

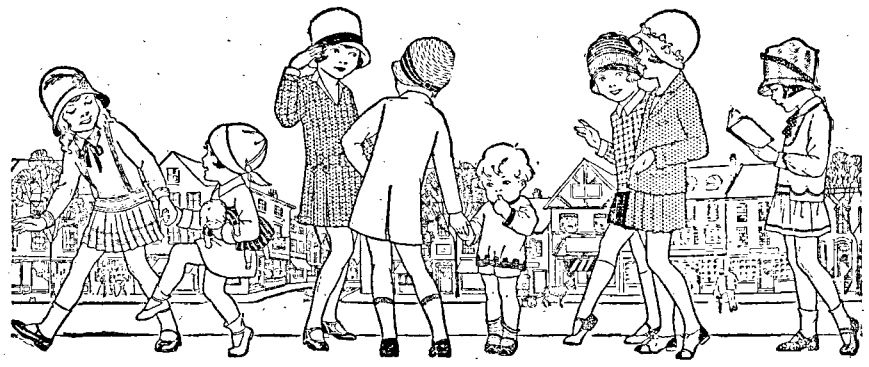
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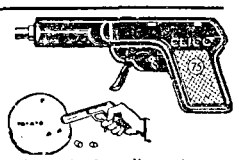
..... C.N.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 27, 1929 — Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

A Farmer's Problem

A FARMER wanted to buy a hundred cows, sheep, and geese for £200. The price of cows was £10 each, of sheep £2 each, and of geese 2 shillings each.

How many of each was he able to buy? *Answer next week*



Off to the Jamboree

Next Week's Nature Calendar

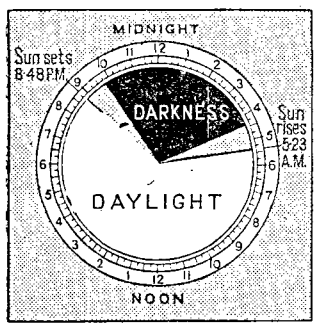
YOUNG broods of swifts and second broods of swallows are fledged. The red admiral and small skipper butterflies and the large eggar moth are seen. The common grasshopper is heard. The common feverfew, stone parsley, knotted spurrey, common calamint, fennel, gipsywort, hoary ragwort, wild angelica, and wormwood are in blossom.

What Am I?

My first is in pen but not in ink,
My second is in mind but not in think,
My third is in tune but not in song,
My fourth is in broad but not in long,
My fifth is in flat but not in low,
My sixth is in cattle but not in cow,
My seventh is in dress but not in gown,
My whole is a jewel of high renown.

Answer next week

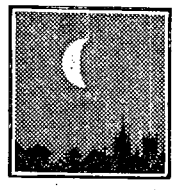
Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Jupiter are in the East. In the evening Saturn is in the South. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on July 31.



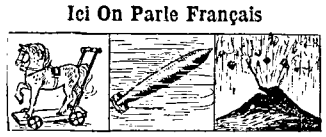
Is Your Name Higgins?

THE surname Higgins is to be traced to one of two Christian names, Hugh or Hick, a shortened form of Richard. The spelling of words has a strange way of changing in the course of centuries.

Facts About the Sun

THE Sun is 93 million miles away from the Earth. Its temperature is 5727 degrees Centigrade. Sunlight, which takes eight and a half minutes to travel to the Earth, is five hundred thousand times as intense as the light of the Full Moon.

Ici On Parle Français



Le jouet — La torpille — Le volcan

Un tel jouet plaira au garçonnet.
La torpille fera sauter le navire.
Vous admirez le volcan en éruption

A Word Addition

TAKE six, add five, add one. Then add the French equivalent for *in*. The whole spells the name of a feminine character in Tennyson's Idylls of the King.

Answer next week

Wild Flower of the Week

Angelica

WE all know the green pieces of angelica which are used as ornaments on cakes. These come from a garden plant which is cultivated for confectionery, but the wild angelica which begins flowering now is common in moist woods and marshy places all over Britain. It is a tall plant with thick stems and the flowers grow in umbels or flat clusters.



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

How Many Officers? 25

An Enigma. Postage Stamp

Missing Consonants
Pelican, Stickleback, Lizard, Hippopotamus, Amaryllis, Amethyst.

Picture Puzzle
sHOp, cLImber, DAgger, haYStack—HOLIDAYS.

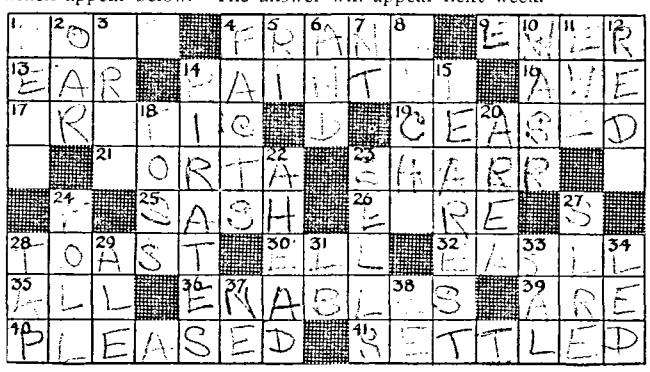
Double Jumbles
Blackcap and Viper, Crocodile and Flounder, Geranium and Artichoke.

A Puzzle Story. Experts; Spinage.

Who Was He? Joseph Chamberlain

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. A public passage. 4. The face. 9. A large pitcher. 13. Organ of hearing. 14. Coloured. 16. Dread. 17. A reviewer. 19. Stopped. 21. A great artery. 23. Keen. 25. A silk band. 26. A court of itinerant justices. 28. Bread dried by the fire. 30. A measure. 32. Stand for a blackboard. 35. Everyone. 36. Makes possible. 39. Exist. 40. Delighted. 41. Established.

Reading Down. 1. To heed. 2. Used for rowing. 3. A song. 4. True statements. 5. Royal Institution*. 6. Indefinite article. 7. New Testament*. 8. Peevish. 10. A hymenopterous insect. 11. A sheep. 12. To advise. 14. Robbers. 15. Most precious. 18. To pitch. 20. A yard. 22. In front. 23. Transfers for money. 24. A tax. 27. To wither. 28. A light blow. 29. A beverage. 31. Pounds*. 33. Salt. 34. Directed. 37. Compass point*. 38. Early English*.

Dr MERRYMAN

Then He Knew Why

A VISITOR to a theatre in a small country town remarked to his friend that he was astonished such a small theatre should have a concealed orchestra, as many of the London theatres have.

"You just wait until it plays," replied his friend, a local man.

The Slow Coach



THE lady bird had judged the snail
To be extremely slow;
But with a house upon his back
He *can't* go fast, you know.

Good Advice

AN airman was giving joy-rides at five shillings a trip and a young lady, about to make her first flight, asked anxiously what she should do if something happened and the plane began to fall.

"Oh, that's all right, miss," said the flying man. "Just grasp hold of anything we happen to pass, and hang on."

Not So Dull

FATHER was examining Jack's school report.

"At the bottom of your form again!" he said disgustedly. "Why can't you get some other place?"

"I'm sorry, Father," replied Jack. "You see, they are all taken."

Work for a Builder

THE Road Hog was late home for dinner one evening and his wife asked him the reason.

"Oh," he said carelessly, "on the way home I ran into a garage."

"You are needing repairs then?" queried his wife.

"Car's all right," he replied; "but you should see the garage."

Contented

A LADY had a complaint to make to her poulterer.

"That bird you sent me as a chicken had no wish-bone," she said.

"Really?" queried the shopman. "What a contented bird! It had nothing to wish for."

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

AUNT PRISCILLA'S SCARECROW

MISS PRISCILLA lived alone in a neat house in the middle of a row of houses all exactly alike.

Miss Priscilla used to keep her house so tidy it was quite painful to pay her a visit. The brasses twinkled, the floors shone with fresh-smelling polish. Nothing was ever out of its place.

Miss Priscilla tried to keep her strip of garden as tidy as her house, but the birds were a sad trial to her. In summer the blackbirds pecked the cherries netted along the garden walls; in spring the sparrows ate the hearts out of the yellow crocuses. Just at that moment they were particularly troublesome. The little lawn was in need of grass-restorer. The old lady kept on sowing grass seed and the sparrows kept on eating it.

"I shall make you a scarecrow, Auntie," said Madge, her grown-up niece, when she came to see her one day. "May I have your piece-box?"

"If you will promise to leave no snippets lying about, dear," said Miss Priscilla.

Out of a piece of velvet Madge cut a big black cat. She sewed it up and stuffed it tight with rags. She gave it fierce whiskers out of an old brush, glittering eyes of tinfoil, and the half of an old black feather boa for a tail.

She fixed it on a forked stick in the middle of the lawn; its feathery tail lashed to and fro in the breeze.

"He looks very lifelike. I don't think a sparrow will dare to come near him," said Madge, holding him up for inspection and approval. "Good-night, Auntie."

It was sunrise. Miss Priscilla was sleeping soundly in her big curtained bed. Below a row of sparrows and starlings were perched on the garden wall, wanting their breakfast and chattering about the terrible animal who was lying in wait in the garden where no cat before had ever been allowed to stay.

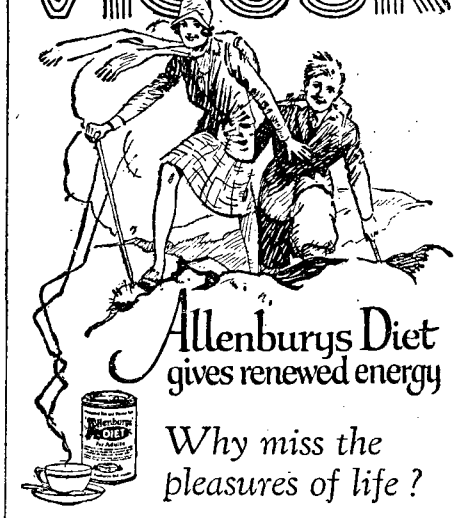
"Tweet, tweet!" they said to Jimmy, the next-door dog. "Can you do anything to help us?"

The fox-terrier jumped on the wall, and his golden eyes looked yearningly on the enemy below. It was hard on him, when he was trying to be a grown-up dog and forget all his wicked puppy ways; but that scarecrow was too much for him. In two minutes he had pounced on it and torn it limb from limb. The lawn was covered with tufts of feathers, rags, and bits of black velvet.

With three triumphant scrapes of fore-legs and back-legs he sent all the new grass seed flying, then departed.

As Miss Priscilla said when she came down to breakfast that morning and saw the terrible litter her carefully tended garden was in, "That is the worst of living in a row of houses."

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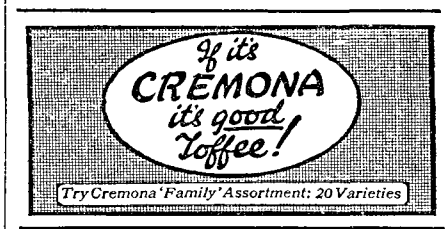
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